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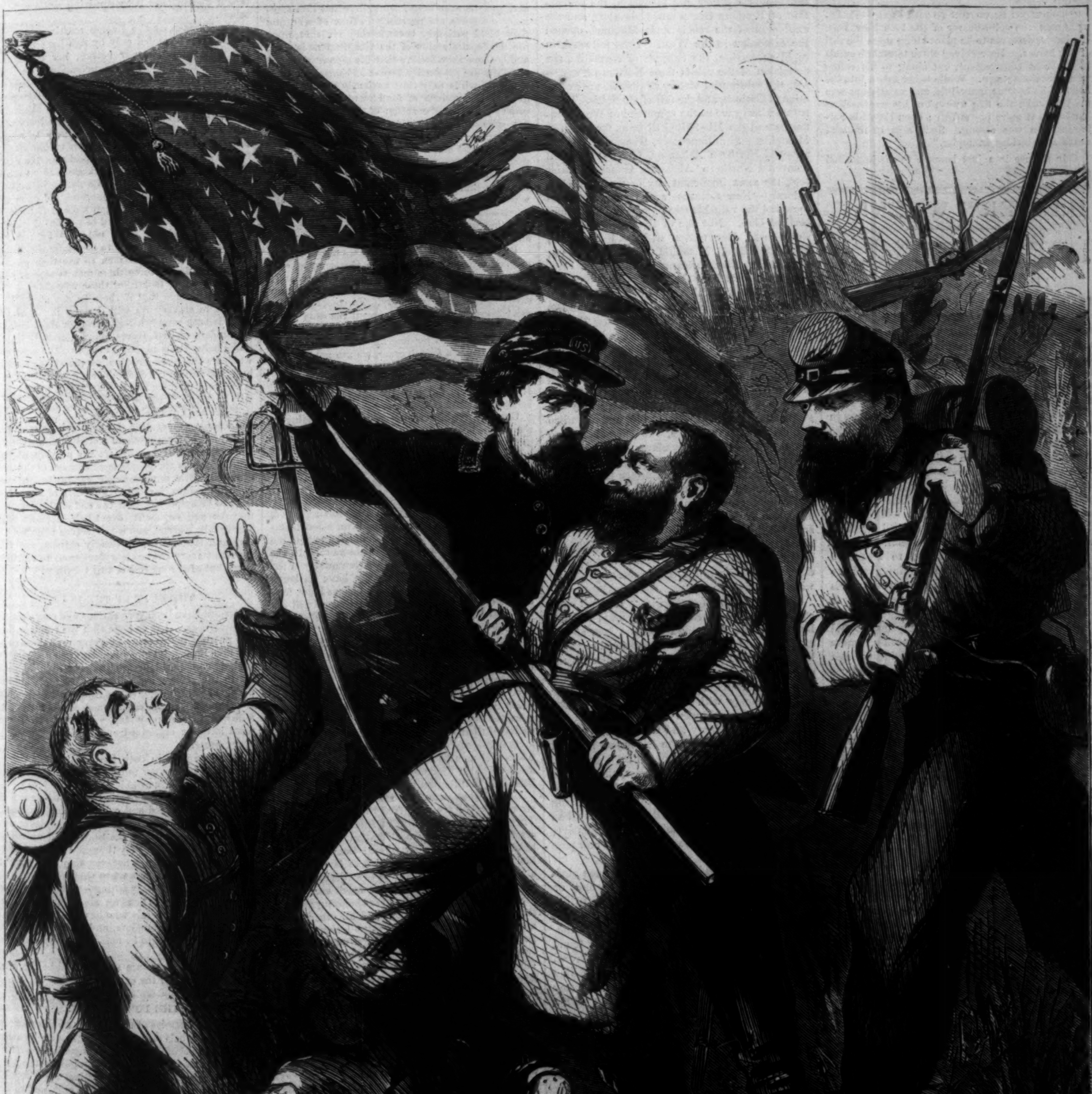


A GALLANT COLOR-BEARER.—[See next Page.]

THE SHADOW UNDER THE YEW.

THERE sits a shadow under the yew,
  Who, sun or moon, or light or dark,
Waits with a cruel gibber and grin
  In the blind night or by the star-spark;
Or whether it rain with lashing rage,
  Or whether it blow with a devil's force,
Sitting and counting the fresh-grassed graves,
  And the lying stones, each one o'er a corse.

Under the shade of the church-yard yew
  The dark thing sits and counts the graves,
That Dead Sea—lulled in a treacherous calm
  That billows around him in grass-green waves—
And when I see him I tread so soft,
  And I scarcely dare to draw my breath,
For hearse-plume black is the yew-tree's shade,
  And the name of that terrible shape is DEATH.

A GALLANT COLOR-BEARER.

WE publish on the preceding page an illustration of the incident recorded in the following paragraph:

> "TOUCHING DEVOTION TO THE FLAG.—H. ALEXANDER, the color-bearer of the 10th New York Regiment, deserves to be placed high upon the roll of our heroes. He received three terrible wounds in a recent engagement, but clung to his colors with tenacious grasp. While being taken into the hospital he became insensible, and an attempt was made to take the flag away, but his unconscious hand held it more powerfully; even then his ruling passion was strong. Such men in life and death are glorious examples."

Our picture is a just homage to distinguished gallantry.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

THE leading events of the week which has elapsed since we last wrote have been the retreat of the national forces to Washington, after a series of battles, and the invasion of Maryland by the rebels. These transactions have filled the public mind with chagrin, and loud complaints against the Administration and the generals in the field have appeared in leading journals. Presses not suspected of lukewarmness in the cause have not scrupled to declare that the campaign has thus far been productive of nothing but disgrace to the national arms, and that unless some radical change—either in the cabinet, or in the military leaders, or in the general policy of the war—be instantly effected, we may as well succumb at once.

It is quite likely that the practical effort of this sort of writing may be beneficial. It may spur some overcautious general to unwonted exertion. It may rouse the Administration to fresh efforts on behalf of the country. In this point of view such complaints are not wholly to be regretted.

But they are none the less very unjust and very unmanly. There can be nothing more contemptible than the habit of whining and abusing our Generals, and demanding changes in the Government whenever reverses befall our arms. Reverses are inevitable in war. No General is always successful—not even Napoleon, or Alexander, or Cæsar. A wise people will be satisfied with winning two battles out of three, and will not reproach their General for losing the third. If we were contending against a handful of Mexicans or Chinese it might be singular to see our armies fall back and our territory invaded. But it must always be remembered, especially by those who are forever prating about the superior power of the North, that we are contending against some 6,000,000 people, every man of whom is under arms, and whose energy is fired by confiscation bills, the fear of negro emancipation, the hope of independence, and the dread of subjugation. We at the North who, ever since the war began, have carried on our peaceful trade as actively as usual, do not sufficiently realize that at the South no other business is being prosecuted but the war. Agriculture, industry, commerce, pleasure, have all given way to the war. Every man's hand and every man's purse have been thrown into the scale without reservation. Nor have the rebels been destitute of commanding intellects to guide them. Though it is generally admitted that there is no soldier in the South whose military capacity is equal to M'Clellan's, it would be idle to deny the ability of such men as Stonewall Jackson, Price, Lee, Stuart, and a score more of the rebel leaders. They have had to struggle against great disadvantages. But they have surmounted them, and have conducted the contest with a vigor which can not but be admired. To expect a uniform, unvarying, and rapid succession of triumphs in the contest we are now waging against this people, thus led, is entirely unwarrantable. We shall do well, and all that could be expected, if we win more than half the battles fought, and preserve strength enough to achieve our purposes when, in the nature of things, the strength of our enemy shall have been exhausted.

A retrospect of the events of the current year will justify the assertion that our armies have, on the whole, done well; that we have accomplished as much as reflecting men expected us to accomplish in the time; and that there is nothing in the present condition of affairs which was not foreseen, or which involves any serious danger for the future.

In February last the rebels held three-fourths of Kentucky, including Bowling Green and Columbus; five-sixths of Missouri; all of Virginia except the mountain region of the west; all of the Gulf States except a sea-island or two on the coast of South Carolina. Their pickets were in sight of Washington, and their batteries blockaded the Potomac. They had, notwithstanding the blockade, a considerable foreign trade. The President of the rebels boasted that Fort Pickens was the only spot in the original Confederacy which was still held by the United States. Such was the condition of affairs seven months ago. It is understood that it was General M'Clellan's intention not to commence the attack till toward the end of March. Accident and outside pressure hastened matters, and the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, the evacuation of Bowling Green and Columbus, and the expulsion of the rebels from Missouri, opened the campaign in the West. Then followed, in rapid succession, the capture of Nashville, the expulsion of the rebels from Northern Tennessee, the substantial victory of Shiloh, the evacuation of Corinth, and the fall of Memphis. These transactions gave us the command of West Tennessee and the Mississippi River as far South as Memphis. Simultaneously, General Curtis reannexed Northern Arkansas, General Mitchell recovered Northern Alabama, General Butler took the most important city in the rebel Confederacy—New Orleans, and General Morgan occupied the valuable strategic position of Cumberland Gap. Not one of these gains have we since lost. Our troops still hold Nashville, Fort Donelson, Memphis, Corinth, Helena, Huntsville, New Orleans, Cumberland Gap, and our vessels hold the river, with the exception of a few miles above and below Vicksburg. Meanwhile, at the East, the blockade of the Potomac has been raised, we have retaken Norfolk and Yorktown, and we have rendered the coast blockade so perfect that almost every smuggler is now captured. The Peninsular expedition has proved a failure, through the interference of politicians, and has cost us many thousand men; but the James River is controlled by our gun-boats; we hold Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds and their shores, the Dismal Swamp Canal, and the town of Beaufort and Fort Macon.

We don't know what other people may think, but we consider the above a pretty fair amount of work, and a pretty substantial list of victories and conquests for a single summer. With the exception of the capture of Richmond, we have accomplished every thing we undertook; and considering the number, energy, and leadership of our enemy, it may surely be said that we have done well to have only failed in one undertaking when we risked so many.

The programme for the future on both sides can be readily guessed at. If General M'Clellan had taken Richmond in June last, as was expected, and the rebels had continued to resist, his army would probably have lain quiet till the end of September, and would then have moved forward on Raleigh and the Gulf States contemporaneously with a move of the Western Army from Corinth upon Vicksburg on the one side, and Montgomery and Chattanooga on the other. The failure to take Richmond required the adoption of a new plan. Simultaneously, however, with M'Clellan's retreat, the call for 600,000 more men appeared; and this, by forcing the rebels to take the initiative in attacking us, deprived them of the advantage they had hitherto enjoyed by remaining on the defensive, and saved us the trouble of devising a new plan of campaign.

The plan adopted by the rebels has been obvious and simple. They dispatched the bulk of their army toward Washington, hoping to destroy Pope on the way, and resolved to carry the war at any cost into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Another column, which will probably be found stronger than is at present reported, was thrown into the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, with a view to an invasion of Ohio. A third army was left under Bragg to watch Buell, and a fourth under Van Dorn and Breckinridge to attack Butler.

It may be said that this plan is suicidal, and that the invasion of the North by rebel armies not only secures the destruction of those armies but leaves the South exposed. This is very true; but what could the South do? With barely 450,000 men in the field, the North had wrested three great States from the rebels, taken two leading sea-ports, destroyed a great rebel army, and overrun a great portion of the Confederacy in the course of six months. What might we not be expected to do with a million of soldiers, and a fleet of iron-clads? Can the rebels be blamed for acting with desperation?

From the hour that M'Clellan was ordered to evacuate Harrison's Landing the events which have since occurred were inevitable, and were foreseen by General Halleck. That evacuation, coupled with the call for 600,000 men, rendered a rebel advance on Washington certain; and the retrograde movements of General Pope's army, which have filled so many minds with anguish, were foreseen and directed by General Halleck. It never was the intention of that accomplished soldier to prevent the rebels cutting their own throats if they were so minded.

THE LOUNGER.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

GOOD citizenship at this time does not consist in abject subservience to every action of the Government, but in an obedience accompanied with candid criticism. This war is emphatically a people's war. The Government sincerely wishes to know the popular desire. Every mean and disloyal man will speak out, and therefore every loyal and true man must speak out also, that the Government may understand that meanness and disloyalty are not the characteristics of the nation.

The people lavishly give life and money at the call of the Government, which is but their representative. They yield to its action even when it seems harshest and unwisest. They see the *habeas corpus* suspended and the right of speech abridged, because they fully understand that summary measures are necessary in time of war, and they yield patiently because they see that, upon the whole, the action of the Government is wise, and because they believe that the men at the head of affairs are personally honest and unselfish.

But if, while they thus patiently submit to the gravest innovations of fundamental rights, they come to see that the action of the Government is not wise, but foolish—if they see incompetency promoted and ability cashiered; if they see imbecility honored and energy repudiated; if they see that the advice of timidity and doubt prevails over that of hearty faith in the cause and the people; if they see that the Government apparently doubts whether the people sincerely wish to conquer the rebels—there is no way left for them but to insist that they *are* in earnest; that they mean victory, and union, and peace, and not surrender.

But if they hold their tongues, under pretense of good citizenship, how is the Government ever to know what is essential for it to comprehend? Obedience is necessary, but silent obedience may easily be the worst treachery. To co-operate with the Government is at this moment the duty of every good citizen, but to enlighten and stimulate the Government is not less his duty. If the Government issues a foolish order, we are not to resist its execution, but to endeavor to procure its repeal. Not to endeavor is to betray the country. It is treachery, not loyalty. It is practical rebellion, not good citizenship.

Good citizenship consists not only in holding up the hands, but the heart and the head of the Government; and that we do not by sullen and hopeless silence, but by the frankest speech.

TWO WAYS.

THERE are but two ways out of the war.

The rebel rams with the iron fleece having failed, the rebel anaconda is taking his turn. Jeff Davis having told his men that they had tried to hold too much, they are now trying to hold more. In the nature of things, the strain upon the country of the rebellion being exhaustive, they have gathered their force for one desperate and furious blow, feeling that what they demand from Europe will not be refused them if they demand it from Washington and the soil of the free States.

At this moment they threaten both the capital and the Northwest. At this instant the barbarous hordes of slavery menace Ohio, the first-fruits of freedom under the American Union. With a military skill and bravery to which we can not refuse admiration, with a rapidity of movement and a power of concentration which accord with the audacity of their effort, they have driven our armies across Eastern Virginia and to the Ohio River; and while two months ago we were asking how soon shall we be in Richmond, we are now wondering how soon Washington will be secure.

Behind that army we see the sources of its strength. We see a perfectly united population. There are no quarrels about Generals, for the successful General is by acclamation called to the head. Jackson is every where; Beauregard, the idol of last year, nowhere. There is no dispute about policy, for their policy is to strike and wound wherever and however they can reach us. There are no party feuds, for the overwhelming party is that of Southern separation, and all other voices are forcibly hushed. There is no leakage of important information, for the Union men are paralyzed, and war correspondence is practically forbidden. The Southern region is a camp. The Southern whites are an army. Not a word is spoken, nor a thought thought, nor a prayer prayed, nor a deed done, but for the success of the war which is consuming their very vitals.

But allowing it all, why, with our overwhelming numbers, with our amazing power and resources, with the essential splendor and inspiration of our cause—why have we not long ago swept them away as these autumn winds sweep the red leaves from the trees? Why are we not this day watering our horses in the Gulf instead of turning their heads to the Susquehanna?

Simply because, while we are confessedly fighting for the Union, we are not united. Because while the enemy has one purpose, we have two. Because we have had to be taught by tragical and bloody experience that fifty thousand men, fired by a terrible earnestness of purpose, moving with concentrated unity of thought, and handled by skillful leaders, who hate the *cause* of their foe more than the foe himself, will beat and rout five times their number of doubtful, hesitating, quarreling opponents.

Why, with a population so disproportionate to ours, have the rebels met us every where in such force? Simply because we have allowed them to. Simply because we choose to support their armies. Simply because we choose to send our best and bravest against guns which we have ourselves loaded.

Long ago, just after Sumter, Braxton Bragg told us why they would always beat us. Last month the Richmond *Examiner* told us why they would meet us man for man wherever we came. The South, it said, will send all its youth. The women and old men can take care of the crops and the slaves who raise them. "Yes," said Braxton Bragg, "the Northerners can't come; they must look out for their crops and home work."

They say it to our faces, and we fall back stumbling over our mountains of dead. They say it to our faces, and the world roars with contemptuous laughter at this people which insists upon helping the assassins who seek its life, which boasts of breaking the back-bone of a rebellion which it does not dare to touch.

What is the consequence? The rebels see that we are not in deadly earnest. The whole world is forced to allow it. We ourselves feel it, and how can we help falling back? For the rebels mean victory at every cost whatever. We mean victory, if we can have it without freeing the slaves. We might as well say that we mean victory if we can have it by squirting molasses at the rebels.

Mr. Thomas, at the Boston meeting, says that the war can be ended only by fighting; that talking will not do it, nor voting, nor confiscation bills, nor tax bills, nor emancipation bills. But why did he not finish his sentence?—fighting will not do it, gun-boats will not do it, nor Armstrong cannon, nor Columbiads, nor shot and shell. No *one* method will end it, but all combined will crush it. And the failure or unwillingness to employ every means paralyzes all that are employed.

Our own knowledge and experience, the nature of things, and their own frank and defiant confession, show us that slavery is a source of immense strength to the rebels—a thousand-fold more than any fort or city, or any dozen forts or cities in the South. Well, can we afford to present them guns and ammunition? Why not? Why not give them guns as well as men to use those they have? And we do give them men to use their guns so long as we do not force those men to stay at home and hoe corn, or look after those who do.

Let us resolve that if there be any strength for the foe in slavery we will destroy it. And that there is both strength and terror for them in it the late orders of Jeff Davis about Generals Hunter and Phelps show plainly enough. The man who whispers the word Freedom to the slaves shall be hung off hand, says Jeff. Then, good friends, that is the very man we want. Jeff Davis knows what will hurt him, if we do not.

There are but two ways.

Either we must give it up, which no sane man will think of for a moment; or, knowing that the Government will do what we the people wish, the solid masses of the people must demand of the Government, with unmistakable resolution, that we wish all means, including an edict of emancipation, to be employed, that the end of this rebellion may be sudden, swift, overwhelming, and final. The rebels, Europe, and we ourselves will then understand that we are in deadly earnest, and that we count every chance less dangerous to mankind than that of the success of this rebellion.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THERE have been conventions and consultations of Governors. Let us hope that the result will be the putting under arms of every capable man in the Free States. Pennsylvania, feeling herself especially threatened, moves first. Her people, nearest to the enemy, are going to do now what the people of Louisiana, farthest from their enemy, did a year ago. If we had learned of the rebels and followed them step by step, we should at this moment have an organized and disciplined army in every State.

Shall we wait in each State until it is threatened? Are we never to understand that we are at war with an enemy as able as he is ferocious? Let New York, at least, move. Let the whole enrolled militia be armed and called out and regularly drilled. Let the shops be closed and labor suspended by command of the State, until we are in such a condition that fifty thousand men can move at six hours' notice wherever they are wanted, and be effective soldiers when they get there.

One thing only is wanting—that we be thoroughly aroused. Then we shall insist that we shall be led by generals who have shown the qualities of great commanders, and that war shall be made as war ought to be made—to cripple and destroy the enemy.

The proof that we are aroused will be the arming and drilling of the enrolled militia.

THE FOE AT HOME.

THE true enemies of the country at this moment are not the rebels only who stand frankly in arms, but they are those among ourselves who constantly strive to exasperate half of us against the rest. They do this by declaiming against all who wish to save the Government at every cost, and to deprive the rebels of the assistance of their slaves, as "abolitionists" and "radicals."

Those who raise this cry are the men who were the active sympathizers of the conspiracy until the mass of earnest and loyal citizens compelled them to change their tone; and since then they have bawled with equal lustiness for the Union and against what they call abolitionists and radicals. They are the men who hate the American doctrine of liberty and equal rights for all men more than they do the rebellion to establish the principle that rich men shall own poor ones. They are the men who support the slaveholding aristocracy of the country against the great mass of honest and hard-working free laborers. They are the men who incessantly tell the laborers of the North that, unless we allow the rebellion to be strengthened by slavery, the colored men will take the work out of the hands and the bread out of the mouths of the Northern white men. They are the men who, if Jeff Davis should beat to-morrow, would rush and fall before him, and say that they did all they could to help him by preserving slavery and dividing the North.

These are the men who assume to denounce as radicals, and fanatics, and impracticables those who wish to use common sense in war, and to beat the enemy instead of allowing him to beat us. These are the men who will be responsible for any fatal catastrophe that may befall the great cause of the country. These are the men who actually threaten that country with the vengeance of M'Clellan's army if the Government should decide that the public good required his removal. These are the men who menace the President with terrible consequences if he listens to the pure and patriotic impulse and counsel of the country, instead of allowing himself to be led by those who love party more than they hate anarchy.

Let every honest man in the land judge this class by what they were and what they are. Let him ask himself whether they would seriously grieve if the country were ruined. Let him ask whether they are not the men at the North whom the rebels most love. Above all, let him ask whether men who are so radically false to Liberty and humanity can be true to a Union which was formed to help both.

A FACT.

A FRIEND, and a well-known gentleman in the city, writes: "I send you the inclosed, copied from *Niles's Register*. It is important now as a fact. Will you give it circulation among the tens of thousands of the readers of *Harper's Weekly?*"

"The following are extracts of a letter from a gentleman of great distinction, high in the public confidence, and in his private character, as I believe, one of the best of men:

"'DEAR SIR,—I have read with great delight the article, "The Slave Question," in the *Register* of March 11, 1820. It is really worth all, and *more* than all, that has been said in Congress on the subject. The paragraph, "But the great check to the progress," etc., is particularly just and true.

"'I now own 400 of acres of land in Georgia. It is on rent. My agent has given me a statement of its product last year [1819], viz.: 1100 bushels of corn, 100 ditto of wheat, 100 ditto of oats, 3000 pounds of cotton, 100 gallons peach brandy. On the plantation 50 hogs, 10 cows, poultry, etc., *ad libitum*.

"'Only 130 acres are cleared: my object was rather preservation of timber and the log-houses than any profit.

"'The above product was from the labor of the father [the tenant] and two of his sons, with one yoke of oxen and two horses. *Not a slave touched the process.* For this farm I receive the annual rent of $50. The above product in market was fairly worth $1600, which is exactly the price I paid for the land.

"'As you and I are, I am happy to say, *like-minded*, I am sure you will read this with some satisfaction.'"—*Niles's Register*, vol. xviii. p. 47.

"PHILIP."

THACKERAY'S new novel is now published. Those who have not read it in the serial form will now have ample opportunity to discuss it. Ample opportunity, because the war has stopped so many presses that very few books of any kind demand attention except those about the war.

The new story has the old flavor, the old excellence. The same neat, sinewy, clear English style; the same homely, simple, affectionate moralizing; the same reality of portraiture in the characters; the same sad and sharp satire; the same hearty fondness for tender, long-loving, long-suffering women; the same sparkling scamps and good-natured boobies. The work is sure to take away the taste of "Lovel the Widower" from those who did not like that story; and it belongs to the same class as "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes."

The lovers of Thackeray will find their old pleasure in "Philip." Those who have not liked him may find what is called his cynicism less salient here, and they will see what it is which has made the author of "Vanity Fair" one of the chief English novelists. *Toujours perdrix?* Yes; but when they are fat and toothsome, it will be long before you tire.

In a late Roundabout Paper Thackeray tries a little to placate criticism. A man must do what he can, he says. A pear-tree can not bear peaches. Let us chat about the things and the people that we daily see, and like to see. If you are tired, go on. As for us, we will sit in this quiet nook and smoke and look and study the people as they pass.

We know the sweet old strain. You may say a great many harsh things about it. You may sneer at this eternal lay-moralizing. But there is more meat in the nut he offers us than in many of a stronger and spicier flavor. His are books to return to. They are not read for the plot, but for the portraits. They are pictures of life and manners which the historian will consult. It is far enough away from our troubles and struggles, and so indeed are the author's sympathies; but it is a kindly, pleasant, human story.

TAUGHT BY THE ENEMY.

WHEN this war began the rebel General Braxton Bragg said that they were sure to beat, for the slaves would do the work at home while the masters went to fight. He did not add, what was equally true, that while the masters could go to the field they could take with them the poor whites, because that class would be better off as soldiers than they are at home.

The Richmond *Whig* recently repeats the boast of Bragg. It claims a rebel force of a million of men in the field, and says that it can be kept there "as long as the North may assail us, and it will not interfere with our producing or agricultural population. * * * Our slaves can be safely trusted to the management of the boys under eighteen and the old men, and abundant crops be thus secured while our fighting men are in the field. Not so with the North. Whenever she puts any thing like her military strength in the field, she weakens her powers to feed her people, * * * and though she ought therefore to be able to send out two soldiers where we can send one, yet we question much whether she can send out her one million as rapidly as the South can."

It is a good thing to be taught by the enemy, says the old proverb. If an enemy's General upon the battle-field says, "In that building I have ten thousand cartridges and a thousand shell, upon which I can draw when they are wanted," does a wise opponent say, "Dear me! have you indeed?" and then leave them there? No. To destroy that building is instantly part of his battle. For when he is fighting, he aims to hurt and weaken the foe in every way he can.

Do we not wish to interfere with the producing or agricultural population of the rebels? Are we anxious to leave them their harvests? Are we trying to secure comfort and plenty for them at home? Do we hope to make war upon peace principles? Shall we put a guard around the building in which the ammunition is stored in order to save it to be used against ourselves?

It is of the utmost importance that the war be ended before the New Year. Shall General Braxton Bragg direct it for us, or shall we make war as we have done every thing else, irresistibly? We can not bring too much force to bear, nor finish the rebellion too completely. The rebels can not be too hopelessly and overwhelmingly beaten. You can not kill a viper too dead, nor wound a wolf too mortally. The longer the war the more difficult not only our victory in the field but our reconstruction afterward. To shorten it by the display of hopeless power in every way is the policy of common sense.

"RECORD OF AN OBSCURE MAN."

LAST winter a small volume with this title was published in Boston. There was no name upon the title-page. The book was not heralded. The public mind strained in one direction could not pause to consider the claims of a new author. But those who read it were surprised and charmed to find how, under a title that was no clew, so timely and noble and satisfactory a work had been done.

If, without the sensitive reserve which hid the book in its title so that no one could find it, the "Record of an Obscure Man" had been announced as what it is—the story of the actual historic capability and achievement of the African race—it would have been hailed at once as a most valuable assistance in the discussions which at this moment most interest us. The author is entirely familiar with the various literature in which the characteristics of the African race are observed and recorded, while a fine and humane sympathy interprets with tender truth a hundred traits which would usually seem unmeaning or simply grotesque. Curiously and inevitably related to us and our history as this race is, every thing which helps us to know it better, and to judge it more justly, is a real service to humanity and civilization. And it is a service rendered in this little book with such perfect sweetness and candor, such freedom from bitterness, rhetoric, or extravagance—with such an honest aim at telling only the truth, and not with the partisan ardor of making a case—that the temper in which the work is wrought is seen to be worthy of its noble intention.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PROPRIETOR of a cotton-mill, who is something of a philosopher, posted up on the factory-gate the following notice: "No cigars or good-looking men admitted." When asked for an explanation, he said, "The one will set a flame agoing among my cottons, and t'other among the gals. I won't admit such inflammable and dangerous things into my establishment at any risk—no, Sir!"

Sydney Smith tells of a maid who used to boil the eggs very well by her master's watch, but one day he could not lend it to her because it was under repair; so she took the time from the kitchen clock, and the eggs came up nearly raw. "Why didn't you take the three minutes from the clock as you do from the watch, Mary?" "Well, Sir, I thought that would be too much, as the hands are so much larger."

Aunt Hetty inquired of the servant-girl if she came from the Hungarian parts of Ireland? On being told that her geographical knowledge was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying, "I hain't much learnin'; I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evenin', and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come."

A clergyman at a funeral, when at the grave-side, said to the chief-mourner, "Is it a brother or a sister?" He received the puzzling answer, "Neither; it is only a cousin."

Malherbe having dined with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. "Pardon me," said Malherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

The Court of Divorce has been engaged in hearing a case, brought by a mother to dissolve the marriage of her son, on the ground that he was a lunatic at the time of the marriage. A crusty old bachelor trusts that that plea will not be granted, as it may separate half the young couples in the country.

A man in Rochester, who has suffered from duns, makes the following proposition: That in order to save time and unnecessary trouble, he will stand one hour every day for a week at a certain corner of the town, where all who feel anxious to harass his quiet by asking impertinent questions may have the opportunity of a hearing, always providing, that the remainder of each day shall not be disturbed by applications of any kind.

"How much to publish this death?" asked a customer at a newspaper office in New York.

"Four shillings."

"Why, I paid but two shillings the last time I published one."

"That was a common death; but this is *sincerely regretted.*"

"I'll tell you what," said the applicant, "your executors will not be put to that expense."

A man who owned a farm in Sacramento, California, during the late floods, went to see if his fence was washed away. He found that he had lost his fence, but had caught a fine two-story house, which made him a good deal better off than he was before.

Be not angry that you can not make others as you wish them to be, since you can not make yourself as you wish to be.

"SUCH IS LIFE."

Old Time first covers our heads with hair,
Afterward quietly mows them bare?
First cuts our teeth with a mighty fuss,
Anon takes care that our teeth "cut" us;
First manufactures us nimble legs,
And then converts them to "stiff old pegs."
Coming to earth with squalls and tears,
Pleasure beguiled a few brief years,
Harass'd thereafter by care and doubt,
Fighting for much we might do without,
Hoping and trusting for bliss to come,
So, in amazement, we reach the tomb!

EYES DON'T LIE.—It is more difficult to make the eye lie than any other organ we are possessed of. To tell what a woman says, pay attention to her tongue. If you wish to ascertain what she means, pay attention to her eye. To talk in opposition to the heart is one of the easiest things in the world; to look this opposition, however, is more difficult than algebra.

An old sailor, passing through a grave-yard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead I'd own it."

Two boys, of tender age, who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain town. On making their appearance the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, ages, etc. "Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to one, "what is your name?" "Tom, Sir," very promptly responded the juvenile. "Tom does not sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thom-*as*." Then, turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea, the teacher inquired: "Now, then, can you tell me what your name is?" "Jack-*ass*, Sir," replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

There is a class of people who ask you why you "don't" come to their house, but never say "do." They are nearly related to the gentleman who has always got "a bill to take up" whenever you wish to effect a small loan from him.

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its powers. A hearer demurred, and instanced a young lady, who, when young, used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

"Are you there?" said an Orangeman to a Ribbonman in "grafe," being about to be hanged. "I always said you would come to be hanged." "You're a liar," said Pat, "if it was the last word I had to spake! I did not come, I was brought."

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Oh, berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, misses biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."

Why does a person who is poorly lose his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

A lady who had a silk gown spoiled in being recolored brought an action against the establishment, and summoned several of the workmen to give their "dyeing testimony."

A young lady fainted at a dinner the other day because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs. "What made you faint?" anxiously inquired her friends as soon as she came to. "The nakedness of that horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty. "Och, an bedad," exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, "it wasn't naked at all, at all. I dressed it meself before I brought it in, sure."

A countryman perceiving one of his friends take much upon him because he was born in London said, "Have not all the mice in London the same honor?"

"Are you thinking of what I'm saying," said a poor music-master to young Miss ——, after explaining to her at some length the difference between the major and minor key. "Why, Sir," replied Miss ——, "I've been thinking all this time whether these keys are ivory or bone."

What is most likely to become a woman?—A little girl.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed his shoemaker; "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

"Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
To love a neighbor as himself,
Upon the golden plan.
And if his neighbor chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Why, love her all the more—you see,
That's only acting human."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the movement on Cincinnati see page 603.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

Frederick City, the capital of Frederick County, Maryland, was occupied by the enemy between ten and eleven o'clock on Saturday morning. Part of the force turned off at Buckeyetown, as if intending to proceed either to the Washington road or the Baltimore pike. The crossing of the Potomac was effected at three points, of which Nolan's Ford was one. Fugitives who left Frederick Saturday night report that General Hill is in command of a force of five thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery. He had issued a proclamation promising protection to private property, and appointed a provost-guard. Private accounts state that the enemy crossed the Potomac Friday night and early Saturday morning, and thence marched to White Oak Springs, within three miles of Frederick. They crossed both above and below Point of Rocks, and did so in as speedy and quiet a manner as possible. They then sent a force to cut the telegraph wire, and seize the bridge over the Monocacy, which was done. The regiment guarding this point evacuated the position on Friday. Refugees were leaving Frederick in great numbers both on Saturday and Sunday. A dispatch from Harrisburg announces that the rebel pickets are extended seven miles toward Hagerstown. They took possession of all the shoes, clothing, etc., in the stores at Frederick, and paid for them in United States Treasury Notes.

PREPARATIONS TO MEET THEM.

On Saturday 6th the Government was made aware of the facts, and General Sumner's corps left at once for Poolesville. At 2 A.M. on 7th General Burnside's army left, and in the afternoon the General himself and General M'Clellan followed. General Sigel brought up the rear with his corps. At the hour we write no battle has yet been fought. General Banks is in command at Washington, and Generals Hooker and Heintzelman are believed to be operating on the south shore of the Potomac.

THE BATTLE OF CHANTILLY.

A severe engagement occurred on 1st inst., near Chantilly, about two miles north of Fairfax Court House, between a portion of General Pope's army and Stonewall Jackson's command. The enemy was finally repulsed and driven back a mile. Our loss was heavy. Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed. The field of battle was occupied by our forces up to three o'clock on the morning of 2d. By orders of General Halleck, the whole army then fell back to the fortifications.

M'CLELLAN IN COMMAND.

General M'Clellan, in an order dated the 4th inst., has assumed command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the capital, and has required such returns to be made to him as will enable him in the shortest possible time to understand thoroughly the positions of the various corps, and to place them in condition for immediate service. All the troops of the army of Virginia have been placed under his command.

SKIRMISH AT MARTINSBURG.

Brigadier-General Julius White, in a dispatch to Major-General Wool, dated at Martinsburg, Virginia, on 7th, states that four hundred of the enemy's cavalry who attacked his outposts had been defeated, with the loss of about fifty prisoners, horses and arms, which are now in the possession of our men. Our own loss was ten, two killed and eight wounded.

PENNSYLVANIA AROUSED.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation recommending the immediate formation throughout that State of volunteer companies and regiments in conformity with the militia act of 1858; also that, in order to give due opportunities for drill and instruction, all places of business be closed daily at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, so that all persons employed therein may, after that hour, be at liberty to attend to their military duties.

Arrangements are being made to dispatch to the entrance of Cumberland Valley all the troops now at Harrisburg, and other regiments from this State and New England detained there for that purpose. The citizens are organizing themselves into companies under the Governor's proclamation, and a very martial spirit prevails. By the invasion of Maryland, at Frederick, the city of Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, is threatened. General Andrew Porter has reported to Governor Curtin for the organization of the Pennsylvania militia. The rebels are reported to have invaded Pennsylvania at Hanover.

GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

It is stated that Stevenson, Alabama, was recently attacked by the enemy, but without success. Athens, in the same State, has been burned by our troops. General Bragg has left Chattanooga and is said to be advancing on Nashville. In confirmation of the latter report a dispatch from Cincinnati says that General Buell has ordered the evacuation of that city.

AFFAIRS AT NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler's order for a general disarmament of the population of the city and its vicinity has been generally disregarded, but the authorities intend to enforce it as far as possible. On the 25th ult. a company of Federal soldiers were dispatched by General Butler to make a reconnoissance beyond Algiers. The troops proceeded by rail, but were soon stopped by the approach of a band of guerrillas. An engagement ensued, the result of which was the wounding of most of our men, who were compelled to return to the city without accomplishing the purpose of their undertaking. At last accounts Baton Rouge was still in the possession of a company of marines under the protection of two gun-boats. The place had not been destroyed as was reported. The enemy were believed to be in the vicinity. Carrollton was occupied by our forces, who were hourly anticipating an attack by the enemy. The fortifications were in excellent condition, and Brigadier-General Shepley was personally superintending operations. The First Louisiana Regiment of Union Volunteers is in camp at Carrollton, and a second is being raised. The Free Negro Regiment is also in camp. Recruiting for colored volunteers under General Butler's order has been commenced at New Orleans. The health of the city continues good.

"MERRIMAC NO. 2."

From Fortress Monroe it is reported that the *Merrimac* No. 2 has been seen below Fort Darling, making toward Newport News. Rumors were prevalent that she had reached the vicinity of Newport News, and had an encounter with two of our gun-boats, driving them before her.

THE PIRATE "OVETO."

The rebel privateer *Oveto*, lately from Liverpool and Nassau, was still at Cardenas at last accounts, and is reported as having about fifty men and intended to carry eight guns. Her commander is John N. Maffit. A Spanish war steamer had been sent from Havana to watch her movements. The naval force at Key West had been apprised of her appearance at Cardenas, and as she is reported as requiring repairs, and not to leave for several days—unless ordered away—the impression is she would not do any mischief.

THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "The *New Ironsides*, Captain Turner, has arrived at the Navy-yard, having returned from her trial trip. She comes here to get her masts, rigging, etc., in order that she may with safety go to sea. She is reported as being a complete success, and will exceed the expectations of her builders."

THE DRAFT IN MINNESOTA.

Under date of Washington, August 27, President Lincoln telegraphed Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota: "Attend to the Indians. If the draft *can not* proceed, of course it *will not* proceed. Necessity knows no law. The Government can not extend the time."

PERSONAL.

General Pope has, at his own request, been relieved from the command of the Army of Virginia, and has been assigned to the command of the Department of the North-west.

General M'Dowell having been granted leave of absence from duty for fifteen days, General Reno has been assigned to the command of his corps.

Major-General Ormsby M. Mitchell has been assigned to the command of the Department of the South, and will immediately repair to Hilton Head.

Hon. James F. Simmons, of Rhode Island, resigned his seat in the United States Senate last week, and the General Assembly thereupon elected Lieutenant-Governor Samuel G. Arnold to fill his place for the remainder of the term, which expires March 4, 1863.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "TUSCARORA" NOT ALLOWED TO COAL.

THE United States gun-boat *Tuscarora*, after coaling at a British port, remained hovering about the coast on the look-out for rebel vessels instead of proceeding to the United States, as required by the orders of the Admiralty. Having been prevented from putting into Kingstown by the British vessel *Ajax*, she proceeded to Belfast, where, according to a previous arrangement, she received a hundred tons of coal. From this port she was ordered away by a British revenue cutter. She is said to have gone to Cadiz.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

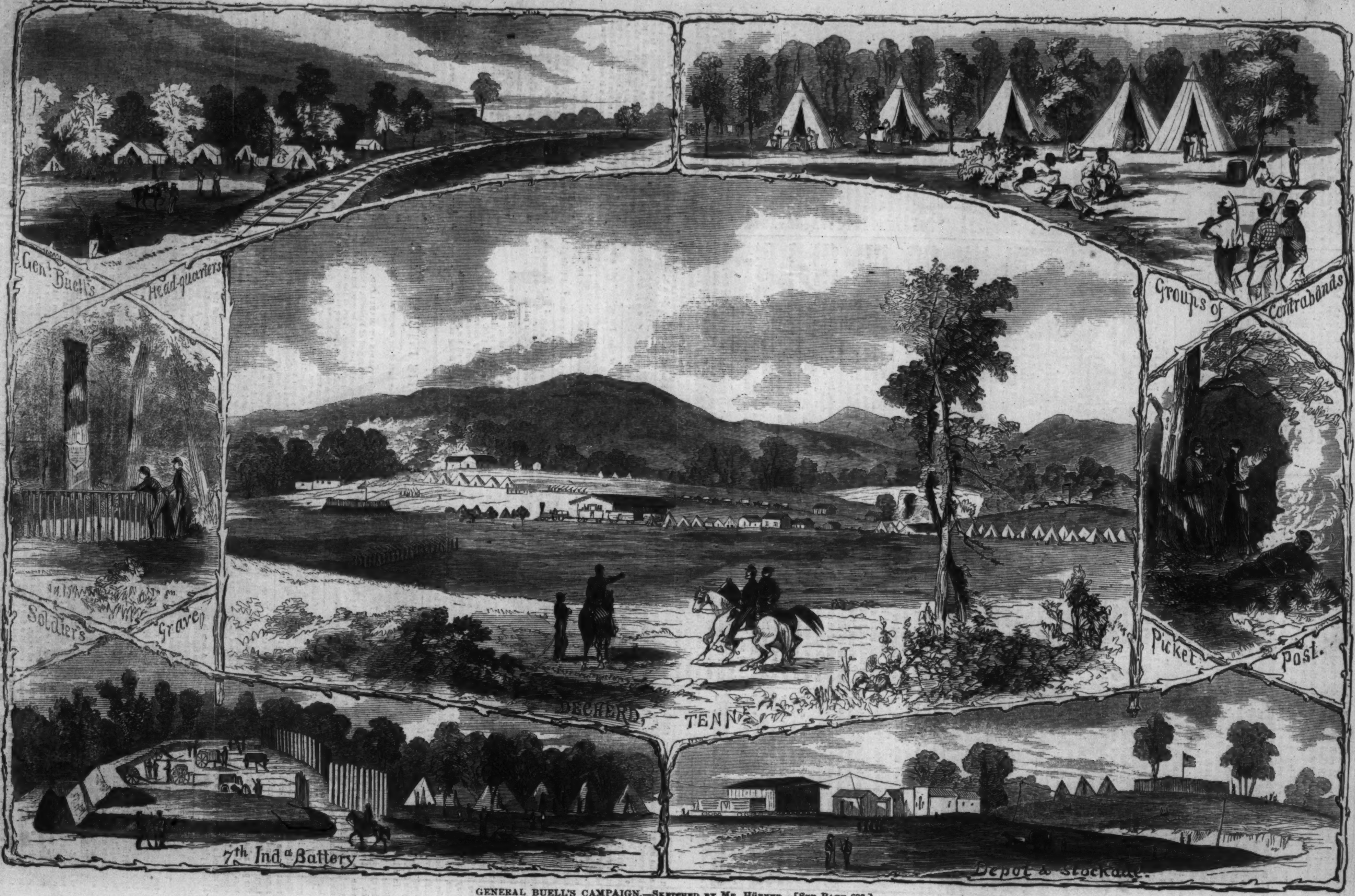
Lord Palmerston, in a speech at Melbourne, England, revived the *Trent* affair. The Premier said that the "honor, principles, and dignity" both of England and America were sustained, and that in the settlement "there was no triumph on either side."

ITALY.

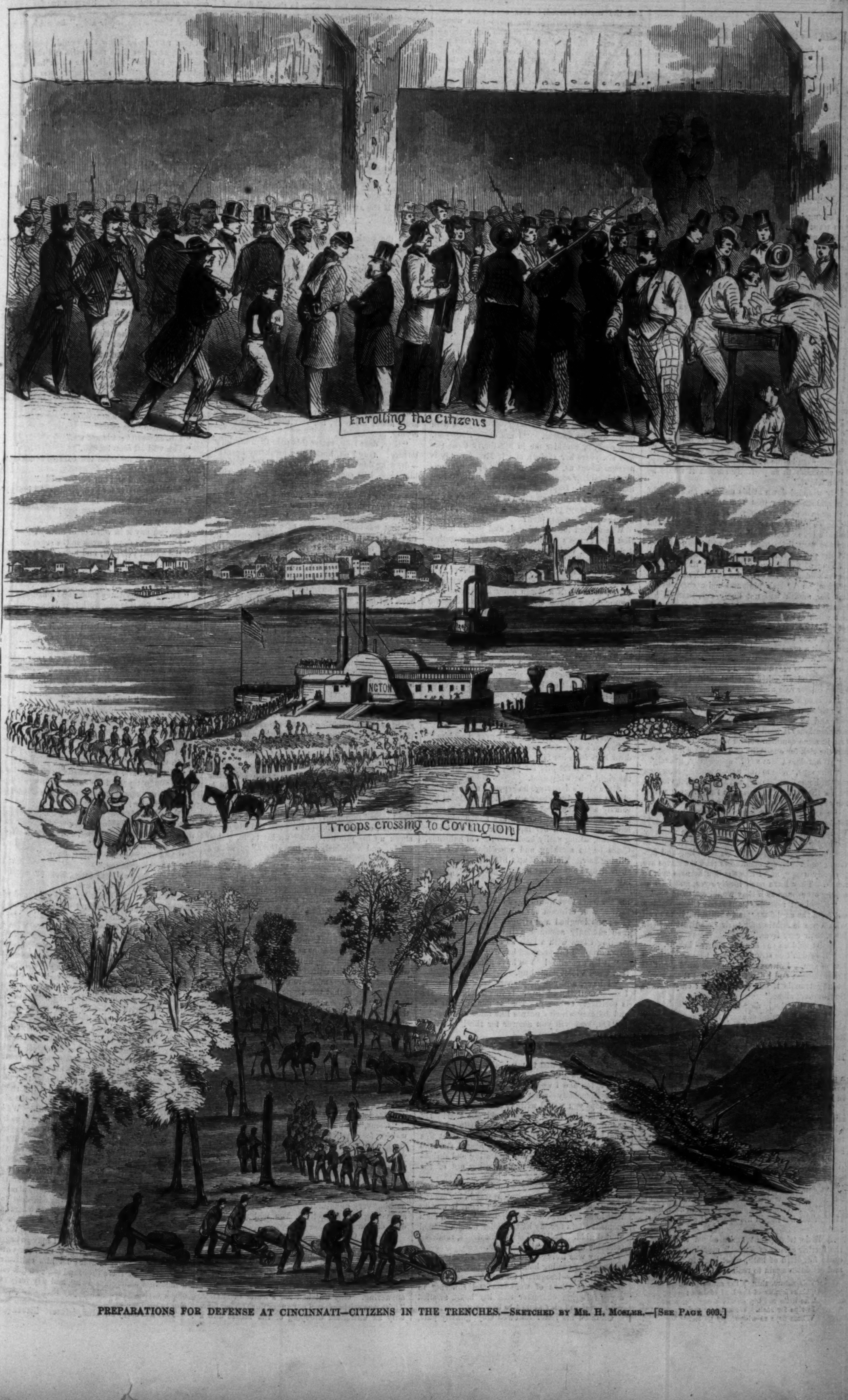
GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS.

A paragraph in the Paris *Moniteur*, attributed to the Emperor himself, declares that France will defend the Pope. It was reported that Garibaldi and a portion of his followers had got away from Catania in two steamers, and had landed at Mileto in Calabria. There was great excitement in the latter province, and several towns had pronounced in favor of Garibaldi. The Neapolitan Provinces had been declared in a state of siege.

The latest news from Italy is that a battle has taken place between the royal troops and the Garibaldians, in which the latter were worsted. Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner.


Gen^l Buell's Head-quarters
Groups of Contrabands
Soldiers' Grave
Picket Post.
Decherd, TENN.
7th Ind^a Battery
Depot & Stockade.

GENERAL BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.—Sketched by Mr. Hübner.—[See Page 603.]


Enrolling the Citizens
Troops crossing to Covington
NGTON

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE AT CINCINNATI—CITIZENS IN THE TRENCHES.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 600.]

GUY.

"COME into the den of lions! just step into this nice den of lions!" Notwithstanding which commencement there is no need for picking up of skirts or smelling-bottles, as this story is guiltless of sawdust, hurdle-races, and a clown, and dates not from a menagerie, but from the wide airy parlors where, in the centre of four little gilded chairs, turned as reception-chairs were never meant to be, growls as deep and fearful as three-year-oldom could utter issued from the bosom of Master Bertie's blue Garibaldi, varied by appeals to Dr. Guy lounging near.

"I say, Dr. Guy, why don't you come into the den of lions? I'm Daniel, and you shall be the angel. Come in now—there's a good fellow!"

Dr. Guy glanced over at the bow-window, where were visible two slender figures, and much white drapery.

"The angel article isn't in my line, Bert, though, if you want a good first-class lion, I will roar that it will do any boy's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make Clara and Violet there say, Let him roar again; let him roar again!" making his words good by a series of howls and a gnashing of firm white teeth that left Bertie ecstatic.

A little figure came at him from the bow-window with a swift, gliding rush.

"Hush! do stop, Guy! How can you be so absurd?"

"Was I too loud? I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar as 'twere any nightingale."

"What child's play!"

"Pardon, Mignonne. Not every one like you can appreciate only deep and serious things—Le Follet, for instance."

A little hand was laid lightly over his ears. Guy caught it and held it in both of his.

"Laugh as much as you like," she said, pettishly, "Le Follet is a serious thing. I have been puzzling over this fashion-plate till my head really aches, trying to decide if I should have that lovely Grenadine made like number three. You see, Guy, if it shouldn't fit as perfectly as that it would be such a fright."

Guy glanced down at his uniform, and thought of the leave-taking that to-morrow would bring with an instant's keen pain. If it had been Clara sitting so quietly in the window yonder, would she have been puzzling over Le Follet? But there was the rosy little hand lying so lovingly in his, and the consciousness that she loved him, and the glamour of youth and beauty; for though Miss Aigre did declare that freckles showed, on close inspection, on Violet's pink-and-white complexion, that her mouth was not finely cut, that all her beauty was in her color and her shining hair, and that when old she would be positively ugly (and very likely was quite right), Dr. Guy surveyed her not with the eye of a prophet, but of a lover; and albeit a sensible man in other matters, thought her childish affectation charming, and compared her secretly to roses, humming-birds, golden-haired Auroras, and all other lovely, thoughtless things. Violet's color rose under his kindling look.

"It is so absurd altogether," she said, uneasily. "To think that you are going to leave your profession and be shot perhaps, when (if you are very conscientious) it would be so easy to find a substitute in some common person who would be glad to run the risk for one-third of what you will lose."

"What does Clara say?" asked Guy, gravely.

"She says, 'Woe to that nation whose young men stay at home for pleasure, and send hirelings to battle for the right!'" answered a full, ringing voice, noticeable for a curious distinctness of utterance.

"Clara has become a perfect Jeremiah, and has lately a stock of such pet phrases on hand," said Violet, almost crossly. "What does she mean by the battle of Right? This is a war of the Abolitionists, gotten up to please those New England factory people. Every one knows that the slaves are perfectly happy, and I like the Southerners ever so much. They have such lovely eyes, and look at all the other men as if they would eat them up."

"Excellent reasons!" answered Clara, coming out from the curtains; "but hardly likely to avail with a people fighting for their Constitution, their laws, their very lives."

Violet held up one hand in affected horror.

"Now don't be strong-minded, Clara. It is too bad of you. I always was a perfect child about all these things; and I don't believe that there would be any trouble if our people would only let the Southerners alone."

Guy instinctively dropped her hand.

"I think the mind of every true-hearted woman should be strong enough to entertain such thoughts," he said, much displeased; "and it is a singular development of childishness that of yours, Violet. It looks altogether Southward."

Violet pouted an instant; she had half a mind for a quarrel, but tact triumphed. With a sigh she sank down on the sofa beside him, murmuring close in his ear,

"Please don't be angry, Guy. I know I am a silly little thing, not half so good and clever as Clara; but then, you know, she has no Guy to send to the war, or she would hate it as I do for taking you away."

O Guy! what man ever was inexorable toward the fault committed for his sake? He did just what you, sensible reader, "who have no nonsense about you," would have done in his place; relented at the soft whisper and the piteous face, and drew the nestling little figure closer to him, hating himself for having in his heart called this angel a fool.

A little triumphant smile edged itself out at the further corner of Violet's mouth, while Clara, quite forgotten of both, went back to the window and sat down again to read:

> "This nature, though the snows be down,
> Thinks kindly of the bird of June;
> The little red hip on the tree
> Is ripe for such. What is for me,
> Whose days so winteringly go on?"

But the words blurred. Her eyes were swimming, her lip quivering; the sharp pain would not down; her heart would re-echo the poetess's bitter cry. She was not envious—she tried not to be; she hated herself for the very thought of such a possibility: but she had so by heart all those pretty affectations—she had so thoroughly sounded the shallow depths of that worthless nature—and it was *so* hard to see the treasure that she would have counted priceless carelessly worn and little esteemed by her who had won it. It was bad enough that a sensible man should be tricked by such shallow artifices; but that she should care, should feel her heart sink down at the going of one who thought of her only as of any other familiar object about the house, was intolerable. If it had been possible she would so gladly have escaped the leave-taking altogether. She had no right to open sorrow like Violet. All her pain and desolation must be crushed down, masked from human guess by more than ordinary coldness. Guy looked hurt when she gave him only the tips of cold, lifeless fingers, and she had the additional pain of thinking that he must believe her heartless and unfeeling. "Yet better that," she said to herself, "than self-betrayal."

Very different was Violet's grief. It didn't "prey like a worm i' the bud," but was rather of the sunflower order. It flourished specially in public; it found vent in fits of what rose-colored people call "nerves," and everyday folks temper. It was a perfect maelstrom, and drew in every body and every thing by way of consolation.

"You see I am in such an unfortunate position," she said, confidentially, to Peyton Lewes. "I should go distracted if I moped at home; and if I dare to walk or ride with any body, then all the stupid people will be shocked. What can I do? I think it was so selfish in Guy to leave me. He just went for the excitement of the thing—all the men do."

"Would it be very dreadful if you should go with me?" was the answer. "I am older than you. Suppose you consider me in a fatherly light (he was six years her senior), and if Mrs. Grundy is nervous about us, we can quiet her apprehensions by a placard, or something in the personals, stating that Guy is the staple of our conversation."

What sort of filial affection is that which a girl of nineteen is apt to cherish for a handsome, insinuating man of twenty-five?

When Clara looked grieved, and people hinted that Mr. Lewes's attentions were not altogether disinterested, Violet resented it with proper indignation; yet Guy's image was growing very dim in her heart. She read his letters with a shiver; she answered with effort. She had Peyton's carte de visite; so had half a dozen other girls; yet how common, how almost ugly looked Guy's miniature beside Peyton's sparkling face! Presently society spoke out openly, and Mr. Lewes was malicious enough to repeat the on dits to Violet.

"If people would only not trouble themselves about us," she said, fretfully.

"Why should you care? Gossip is like sea-foam. It will melt away soon enough before the one stubborn fact of Guy's return."

Violet shuddered and was silent.

"And doubtless that will be soon enough. He will weary of camp life—"

Violet covered her face with her hands.

"Oh! hush, hush! how can I ever meet him?"

Peyton's arm stole around her, his other hand drew hers from her face.

"Let me meet him for you, Violet. Give me the right," he whispered.

Since Guy's departure had sprung up something almost like coolness between Violet and Clara; but shortly after the above conversation Violet came and nestled down at her cousin's feet, laying her handsome head in her lap as she had used long ago, and, falling easily back into the old habitude, Clara began stroking and smoothing the lovely shining hair. Violet put up a little lazy hand, and there flamed out on her finger a great ruby, glancing wrathfully like a serpent's eye.

"Why, that is Peyton's ring!" cries Clara, seizing the hand that would have hidden itself.

Waves of crimson surged up over Violet's fair face; she laughed and struggled slightly at first, then suddenly assumed a little air of defiance, meeting Clara with a look as steady as her own. Clara dropped the prisoned hand in dismay.

"It isn't possible! You have not dared—" At that word Violet flamed up.

"I have, and you may spare your arguments. I never really loved Guy. It was a delusion. He is positively ordinary. He has none of that tact and delicacy which a nature like mine requires."

"Oh, how will you answer for this!" groaned Clara.

Violet, rearranging her hair before the étagere, laughed carelessly.

"I shall leave that to my husband."

Clara stood aghast.

"Peyton and I were married this morning, and as—as somebody—must tell Guy—I thought that—perhaps you would write to him."

Tell him! What words could she find! By her own hopelessness she knew a little of what would be his pain. Tell him that his trust was betrayed! strike him to the very heart! she who loved him! While she was hesitating and shrinking came a letter that made writing out of the question.

"Guy had been badly wounded—he might recover—his vigorous constitution was in his favor," wrote one of his brother officers; "but it was as well to be prepared for the worst." And then for a moment Clara fiercely hated Violet, for she seemed almost glad. Followed six blank weeks, rendered tolerable by occasional brief lines.

"Guy was living—had improved slightly—was better—was coming home." This last in his own handwriting—irregular, uncertain—speaking so potently to Clara of weakness and suffering in every faltering character that her heart swelled with grief and pity almost to bursting.

Close on his letter followed Guy, ghastly pale, weak as a woman, but coming in the full flush of hope, almost childishly eager to see Violet. No one had told him: not the mother who had gone to watch over him; not the sisters who welcomed him: it was left for her who during those six weeks had gone through the valley of the shadow of death in silence and utter solitude of heart.

She sat as he entered, making pitiful pretense of work, scarcely able to force out articulate answers from her cold lips. But Guy never saw the trouble on her face, did not even find space to wonder at her frozen manner, so feverishly was he watching for the first glimpse of that golden head, listening for the first tap of the little foot on the marble without.

"She is so long coming," he said at last, "and I thought she would have been the first to meet me."

Clara's heart stood still, but she found no words to answer him.

"Or is she away?" he went on, uneasily. "I should hardly— Why, Clara, what is the matter?"

For the work had dropped from her nerveless fingers, and she was looking at him with eyes brimming over with tears.

He seized her hands; he pressed them till she shrank from the pain; he looked down into her eyes as if he would tear the truth from them.

"What is it?" he asked, hoarsely. "You are not in mourning—she is not dead?"

Words dropped out as if independently of her volition.

"Better that she were, Guy. She is married."

"My God!"

Only that; but what a crazed and anguished face was that turned toward her! At the cruel sight pity, love, indignation blazed up. They would out; they would find vent; and she never knew how—but somehow—she, the proud, shy, decorous girl was on her knees beside him, her arms about his neck, her soft cheek against his, crying, breathlessly,

"Guy, dear Guy, better this pain than life-long torture! Guy! oh, hush! you break my heart!"—drawing down his head on her shoulder; holding him close, like some suffering child; murmuring words of consolation; softening that fierce despair, the angels only knew how much. No one questioned her right to act as nurse during the relapse which followed on this shock. Guy would have it so—that was sufficient. Her care surrounded him like a pleasant atmosphere; and he received it, reasoning no more about it than of vital air, till relatives, in fear of Mrs. Grundy, suddenly discovered that people always lose health and strength in sick rooms; ergo, that Clara, in spite of the deceitful rosy protests hung out on her cheeks, must have lost hers, and must be dragooned into them again; so parental authority sent her to look for them in a ball-room.

Guy rebelled and chafed in vain; there was only one consolation. She had promised to let him see her in her evening dress. He tossed and fidgeted on the sofa while watching for the roll of wheels and her step on the stairs, and when she did come he had fallen into a doze; opened his eyes consequently without preparation on the charming vision. She stood before him like a child, half pleased, half shy; the smile that she would not let dimple about her mouth shining in her lustrous gray eyes; the faint color rising and deepening under his astonished look; the mass of soft hair put plainly away from the wide forehead, and gleaming here and there golden-brown in the light; her tulle dress floating about her mist-like and spiritualizing her loveliness—for she was lovely—and Guy, blind so long, had opened his eyes to see it. A pleasant odor of violets saluted him as she moved. A little hand passed regretfully over his hair. A spirit of the mist, or some being of the pearl and lily order, shook up his pillows, pulled up his table, sighed softly, and vanished, leaving him alone with a book and a medicine bottle.

He looked at neither. To think that Clara was so lovely and he had never suspected it! Suppose other people should make the same discovery; and there rose before him a vision of those eyes brimming with tears, and the white arms that had just now shone so alabaster-like close about his neck, and the shy, shrinking girl crying out passionately, "You break my heart!" Forms had shriveled up in that hour of bitter affliction; spirit had met spirit and been knit in one: yet who knew when the bond that united them might be severed? How soon some one might rob him of her? What warrant had he that the vague somebody was not about it that very moment? With his speculations he worried himself into a fever, and was cross and tart enough when Clara made her appearance in the morning.

"I did not expect to see you," was his salutation.

"Oh! I am not tired. I came home early."

"Then it was not pleasant."

"On the contrary I enjoyed it."

"Oh, of course!"—vastly sulky—"confined as you have been to this wretched room! No wonder!"

Clara looked the reproach she would not utter.

"Come," he pursued, "don't you see that I am waiting for details? Chained here, you should not grudge me that. Which was it, or rather, who was so agreeable? You see I can translate your delightful evening."

"Guy!"

"Well, what have I said now? I thought you were superior to school-girl affectations. There is nothing very unnatural about my question. You are young and attractive. You will marry some day, of course."

"Never, Guy."

"A bad symptom: for 'Never,' when it is the dictum of a young lady, read 'As soon as possible.'"

Cruel, unjust, ungenerous, thought Clara, but she went and sat down by the work-stand without answering. Guy watched her a while in silence. There was neither frown nor angry flush on her face, only an unwonted drooping of the lashes and a quiver about the mouth. She was too far away. He wanted her near him.

"My head aches intolerably," he said, in his meekest tone.

Clara rose, as he knew she would; poured out the Cologne in her little rosy palm and chopped it gently on his head, pushing the thick hair away and passing her soft, clinging fingers over his forehead, her eyes full of a pity and tenderness so sweet that it thrilled him through and through.

"Oh, Clara!" burst out suddenly from the very depths of his heart, "is there any forgiveness for such blindness, such intolerable folly as mine has been? God indeed receives us after we have tried our idols and found them wanting; but can human nature approach the divine near enough, to forgive and love after it has so long been set aside for one inferior? Dare I ask you to love me after—"

A little hand on his lips prevented the rest of the sentence. Need of recording her answer there is none. Was she not a woman?

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WHITE VILLAGE.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

NOT until 1863, when the act takes complete effect, shall we know the results of the emancipation of thirty millions of serfs. While among the peasants, journeying from one part to another, about the time of the first edict on the subject, I tried to ascertain what value the peasants themselves set on the promised boon; but I could not find my way far into the mass of their ignorance and apathy.

One day I had the following conversation with a serf, who brought me a message:

"Your name is Evan Vasiliovitch; to whom do you belong?"

"I am the serf of Karmoritch."

"How many are you?"

"Two thousand souls are we."

"You will all soon be free."

He looked at me from the corners of his eyes, and drawled out:

"Yes. If God and our Father wills."

"It will be better for you, Evan; will it not?"

"God knows, baron; how should I know?"

"How much obrok do you pay?"

"Thirty rubles a year."

"Do you pay it in work or in money?"

"I work four days a week in the sugar fabric to pay the obrok, passport, and taxes."

"How much are the passport and taxes?"

"About three rubles and a half, besides other things."

"That is thirty-three rubles and a half you have to pay, and for this you work four days every week in the sugar-mill?"

"It is so, baron, and hard work it is."

"When you get your freedom you will not require to pay obrok, or work for to do it. Your time will be your own to cultivate your ground. Will that not be better for you?"

"God give it. I don't know. But I am tired of working."

"How much land have you?"

"Three and a half deciatines" (ten acres).

"Well, that is plenty to keep your family on if you spend all your time on it and pay no obrok; is it not plenty?"

"I don't know, baron, but I am tired of working in the fabric."

"Now, tell me, Evan, what do you intend to do when you get your freedom? Will you remain here and work your ground, or will you seek bread somewhere else?"

He turned his eyes first up, then down, then on both sides, as if seeking to evade an answer, gave the peculiar peasant's shrug, and slowly muttered:

"I shall sleep, baron."

"And after you have slept, Evan?"

"I shall eat, baron."

"And after you have eaten, Evan?"

"I shall sleep again, baron."

"And when the black bread is gone, and when the pig and poultry are all eaten, and when the potatoes, carrots, and cabbages are all eaten, and when there is no fire-wood nor pasture, what will you do then, Evan?"

"Then I will tell you, baron. Now, may God give you health, and thank you for the tea-money you are going to give me. Give you good-day!"

I believe this is the case of nearly all the serfs. The condition of many of these people at this time may be judged from the following account of himself I got with difficulty from a peasant who worked in a cotton-mill:

"I earn four rubles (twelve and sixpence) a month. My time is all spent in the mill, from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. My wife and two daughters work on the fields belonging to the baron five days every week in summer. They get no wages. In winter they do any kind of work required of them by the steward. My son, who is seventeen years old, works also in the mill, and gets two rubles a month. We have three deciatines of land. It is our own, so is the house. We can only raise a few potatoes, cabbages, and carrots. The women do this work. We keep a pig, and we have some ducks. We eat them. We get black flour from the econome (the steward's tommy-shop); this is deducted from our wages. We pay no obrok from these wages nor taxes. Our work is counted for this; the steward manages all that. Somehow I am always in debt to the steward's office. I have worked ten years in the mill, and am a good spinner. I don't know what we shall do when we get our freedom. We shall not work any more, I suppose. I may go begging; it is an easy life. I am now unfit for out-door work, but my son is able; let him cultivate the land. We are three thousand souls on this estate; a thousand nearly are away, and pay forty rubles obrok each a year. They pay their own passports and taxes besides."

This is a sorry but true picture. Eleven pounds a year had this man and his family to live on! For this sum the father and son gave all their time in the mill, and the mother and two daughters five days a week in other work. In a free mill worked on the free principle, the father and son alone were worth, and were sure to receive, about sixty pounds, and the two daughters thirty; but then they could be forced to pay out of that what their master chose to exact for obrok and taxes. Many of the serfs are better off, and some are worse. The serfs belonging at one time to the crown are now free, and those possessed by the rich old families have paid five rubles obrok, and done what they pleased with their ground or themselves.

Intelligence reached us one day that something serious had happened among the serfs at a place called the White Village, twenty miles off. I started off to the place in company with my Scotch friend Saunderson, who was then my visitor. The White Village was a village of considerable size, and the houses seemed to have once been of a more comfortable class than any I had seen in those parts. Now it was a most desolate picture of extreme penury and woe; soldiers were in possession of every door; Cossacks patrolled the streets and the adjacent roads, so that but for my friend's clever assistance we should not have been allowed to enter. The steward's house, with all his property and stores, had been burned down, and he himself had been murdered. His family (a wife, a son, and two daughters) could nowhere be found. Some ten peasants were dead, and many were wounded. A gang of serfs in irons, or bound with ropes, followed by screaming women, some with babies in their arms, were leaving the place under an escort of Cossacks, who were jeering the poor wretches and probing them with lances, on their way to the government town prison, whence they would pass ultimately to the Siberian mines, no doubt.

This is the story of the outbreak:

General Obrassoff died and left his widow two estates: this of the White Village, which had come into his possession only a short time before his death, was one: the other was that upon which my friend Saunderson served as superintendent. The lady was a person of a tender heart, who had been well educated, and mixed in the best society. At her husband's death she left the capital and its pleasures, in order to devote herself to the education of her daughter, taking with her a first-rate governess and a little English girl as companion and English tutor. The little English girl, by name Lucy Murray, was fatherless, her mother was unable to educate her, and she was glad to give her companionship to the Russian young lady in exchange for good treatment and an education in German, French, and music.

Arrived at the White Village, which she had never seen before, the "generalshe" ("Mrs. General") decided upon living there for a time. While the old family house was being prepared for her reception she staid in a friend's house in the nearest town. The former proprietor of the White Village had been rich, and easy with his serfs. He had possessed several estates of considerable extent lying widely separate from this part of the country, where he had never been but once: in fact, he knew very little of the White Village, except that it was his, and that the steward sent or brought him plenty of excuses for non-payment, but little money. It did not trouble him much, therefore, when the people on the estate passed to the General Obrassoff at cards or dice: he merely remarked (Madame Obrassoff is herself my authority here) that if the General made no more of the pigs than he had made of them, they would not be of much use to him. The General determined, however, to make the estate valuable. It was in the same country as his other property, and would form a large addition to his income if well handled. But soon after he had sent off a new steward with the discharge of the old steward in his pocket, and with orders to repair the house, buy stock, and raise the obrok from ten rubles to thirty, he died. Thus Madame, good, tender-hearted, compassionate Madame Obrassoff ruled in his stead until her child's majority.

On the morning after she had taken possession, and installed herself comfortably in her large wooden house, before she had quite got out of bed the large plot of grass (which served for a lawn in front) was filled with a mass of human beings clad in the most filthy rags, waiting to pay their respects to their new owner: the old "starost" heading the ragamuffins with evident pride and pleasure. English rags are bad, Scotch are worse, and Irish are worse, but Russian rags are beyond all conception. When the lady appeared on the lawn among her "souls," she was perfectly shocked by their wretched appearance; and the starost having marked with cunning satisfaction her aspect of sympathy, advanced first with a "welcome present," a lean goose, and laid it at her feet. He then kissed her feet and the feet of her daughter, and wished that all imaginable blessings might be poured down on their "high-born" heads. He then said that the present he had brought was not fit to give to a stanavoy's clerk far less to such a high-born generalshe, but it was all now left him to give, he was so poor! The rest of the ragged host advanced and followed suit, no one coming empty-handed. Some gave one egg, others a few berries or a bit of black bread, some a jug of kvass or an old paralytic hen; this one brought a starved rabbit, that one a small paper of salt or a few carrots. The speeches delivered on this great occasion by some of the elder peasants were similar to that of the old starost. "High-born lady, we are your humble slaves. Forgive us for having nothing better to offer you. We are poor. Look at us with the golden-eye and have pity. God give you health and long life to live among us. We are poor but obedient. We will all die for you. It is God's truth, lady, we are poor." Many of them shed tears profusely. The kind-hearted woman wept in sympathy, and pitied the degraded beings from the bottom of her heart. How could she exact thirty rubles a year from such people? How could she put a hard steward over them to grind more out of them? Had this not been already carried too far?

"Starost," she said, "hear me. My husband gave orders before he died that each man should pay thirty rubles obrok. Has the steward told you so, and are you willing to pay it?"

"High-born lady, it is truth. We have been told, but God knows we can not pay it. All we have is not worth thirty rubles each. You have beautiful eyes to look with. See these people. Is it possible that we can pay all this large sum? Ah, lady! have compassion and be an angel, and make the obrok ten rubles as it was before."

"Steward," said the lady, "give me your opinion."

"My lady, honored and obeyed, it is my opinion that all this is a farce got up to deceive you. Don't believe them. They seem poor, but I suspect them to be the reverse. I can not prove it yet, but I soon will. Follow, Madame, your illustrious husband's design, and I shall pledge myself to find the obrok. I have done."

Here the whole body of the peasants, about fifteen hundred, at a secret sign from the starost, surrounded the lady and fell on their knees, howling and crying.

"My children," she said, "I pity you. It is sad to look on you with those rags. I will not ask you to pay what you can not pay, but I must have some obrok, and shall be content with ten rubles each, if it is paid without trouble to me. I wish to be kind and to live among you happily."

The starost crossed himself, and so did the multitude; the starost thanked the lady, and with many bendings and bowings vowed that this sum should be paid by the people, if he made them sell every thing they had. They then parted: the lady rejoicing in having done a deed of mercy; the starost chuckling at the success of his trick: the new steward, finding his occupation gone, gave notice to quit, and so anticipated his dismissal.

Next day, while the generalshe was giving orders in her new house, and the French governess, the daughter, and Lucy Murray were at their first lessons, the cunning old starost and twenty other peasants, clad in good comfortable garments, and looking healthy and well to do, unearthed some thirty or forty very fine young horses of their own breeding and rearing from a secret spot in which they had been hidden, and were soon on their way to the large fair in the government town to sell them for from one thousand to fifteen hundred rubles: the greater part of which money, after being divided, was destined for their secret hoards as soon as it could be turned into hard cash. (Paper has no chance against bullion among the peasants.) The people of this village were to a man dealers, breeders, and rearers of horses, who attended all the fairs for many hundred versts round, and only used their own land and that of the estate for the pasturage. Instead of being poor they were the richest in the district, and none could have paid a higher obrok. But they had never paid much under the old proprietor, and they would not, if cunning could save their pockets, under the new.

The lady remained under her delusion for a year. When the time came for the obrok to be paid in, a scene similar to the first, which had been so successful, was again enacted. The winter had been severe; the summer rains had not come; the rot, or something else, had got among the pigs and poultry; the crops of every thing were nothing; they were all nearly starving; they could not pay any of the ten rubles; her high-born ladyship might come and see for herself; she might take all they had, but the obrok in money they could not pay. (Not a word was said about horses.)

Again the trick succeeded. The other estate afforded means of living; this estate might improve with a little patience and kindness; and the kind woman not only forgave the whole year's obrok, but reduced it to five rubles for the next year. "Only remember, starost, this is my last step in that direction. If this five rubles each is not paid in good time, and if you assemble these people again without the money in their hands, I will sell the place and leave you. I will not struggle and fight to get my money. I wish to be kind to you, but I must live, and it is a shame to you that I have to draw all my means from other poor serfs who are perhaps as poor as you."

There is nothing more certain than that if you give a Russian serf an inch he will take an ell. The next year came, and the five rubles did not. The poverty trick was again rehearsed, but this time her high-born ladyship dismissed the people with pain and anger, advertised the estate for sale, and, as she had threatened, sold it. All the horse-dealing "souls" on it, their wives and children, horses, cattle, goods, and chattels, became the property of a certain Gospodin Popoff, who had spent the greater part of his life in official service on a salary of some forty-five or sixty rubles per month, and who had managed to live up to three hundred rubles, and to save money enough to buy the White Village at twenty thousand rubles.

Herr Hausen—the steward whom Madame Obrassoff allowed to leave her—was appointed by Gospodin Popoff; for this steward had kept his eye on the estate ever since, knew more by this time of its capabilities, and felt chagrined at having been outwitted and driven away by the cunning old starost.

His first act indicated what was to be expected now. The venerable old starost, and twenty of the principal peasants, were seized on their first repetition of the poverty farce, and received a very liberal supply of "stick." The stanavoy's men kept the stick going for half a day, and were well paid to lay it on hard: while Herr Hausen smiled complacently. This was the first turning of the tables, and they went on running round from bad to worse. Each serf was served with a demand for three years' arrears of obrok, passport-money, and taxes at a high rate. Failing to pay on the instant, the secret studs of horses, and the more apparent goods of every kind, were appropriated and sold without the least compunction. The peasants were not allowed to leave the village, but were driven to work on the fields. Having formerly attended to nothing but horse-dealing, they were now almost destitute of the kind of produce necessary to human life. The old and infirm had to chop wood for the steward, the children gathered oak nuts and cut grass in the woods for his cows and pigs; his barns, stables, and store-houses filled as those of the peasants emptied. He became corpulent in substance as they grew lean and gaunt and hungry.

A sum equivalent to the purchase-money of the estate had already been realized; but this was not thought sufficient by Herr Hausen and his principal. They had not yet found any money; and money in hard cash there must be somewhere. Domiciliary visits had been made, the floors of the huts had been dug up, and every place the searchers could think of had been explored without success. At length a Jew—one of those prowling, sharp-featured, wiry little fellows, who carry trinkets, gaudy-colored prints, handkerchiefs, and money, to exchange for corn, flax, feathers, and other peasant produce, at a profit of eight hundred per cent. or so—gave a hint to Herr Hausen for a percentage on the money found. Measures were taken accordingly, and one day these peasants—already shorn to the bone of every thing else—were deprived of their nest-egg. Where it was found, or how much it was, I did not hear, but hard bullion to a considerable amount was transferred to the iron safe in the strong room of the steward's house. The peasants were now poorer a thousand times than they had ever wished the kind generalshe to believe them.

What follows of the story I had partly from the old starost as he lay in his hut dying from a gun-shot wound, and partly from Lucy Murray at an after-time.

One evening four men stood at the end of a hut shaking something in a felt hat. One of them put his hand in and drew; he told the result and the operation was repeated. Then the four separated and took different paths through the village, saying a few words quietly at every door. It was a cold clear night, soon after twilight, and the moon had risen in an almost cloudless sky. Just as the old starost passed the steward's gate he met little Lucy Murray going in.

"How do you do, starost? I hope your health is good. Good-night. I must run to the house."

"Stay, maiden with the golden hair and the laughing eyes, tell me who there is now in yonder house besides the steward and his."

"Madame Obrassoff and her daughter sleep there to-night. You know we came for the last installment of the purchase-money of the estate."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning. We should have gone to-night, but it is late to begin a journey, and the horses want rest. Why do you ask, starost?"

"Listen, daughter of the English, and let my words go into your heart and remain there. Tell the generalshe from her old starost, who loves her and hers, though he has often deceived her, that she *must*—do you hear me say *must?*—leave that house in less than an hour. God dooms it, and all in it, to destruction. Now tell her soon and secretly; but as you value her life and your own tell it to none other but her. Go, and remember my words. Good-by, English child, and may God give you happiness!"

So the starost passed on with the Russian fiery cross.

In about an hour after this groups of men in noiseless felt boots went their way to the church front. Each of these men was armed with only one weapon, but it was a deadly one opposed to any thing but fire-arms: the tapore, or Russian short-axe. With this the Russian peasant can hew down trees, cut them into pieces and slabs, build houses, make windows or picture-frames, sharpen and mend pens or pencils, kill a wolf or a bear, make tables and chairs, cleave his enemy's head from the crown to the neck. These men met at the church, each with his tapore stuck in his belt and resting on his hip. As each group approached the church every individual turned his body so as to face the holy emblems, images, and saints, the position of which he well knew, and with more than ordinary devotion bowed and crossed himself.

The starost lifted up his voice: "Brothers, many words, little deeds. Are you all ready and all willing?"

Each man drew from his back the tapore, flourished it over his head, and answered: "Ready!"

"That is well. We cast lots whether it should be to-night, and the answer was 'Yes;' we cast again, and the answer was, '*All.*' Follow me, then."

The body of men moved on, and, but for the slight crisping under their felt boots, they moved like noiseless phantoms. They were in number about five hundred. Half-way between the church and the steward's gate a carriage drove up; they opened to let it pass, and looked in. Madame Obrassoff, her daughter, and Lucy, pale as spectres, and quaking in every limb, sat inside. Every man of the murderous band uncovered his head and bowed. The old starost said, "Go in peace, kind woman and innocent girls. Thank God! They have heard my words." He little knew that Herr Hausen's two daughters and his wife were concealed in the bottom of the lumbering vehicle. Lucy had warned not only Madame Obrassoff but the steward and his family. His son, a young man of eighteen, had stepped out on the instant, mounted a fleet horse, and galloped to the nearest town for soldiers.

Thus was the steward left alone to meet the storm he had raised. Most tyrants are cowards, and Herr Hausen did not belie the statement. When the hatchets began to beat at his doors and windows he became at last convinced (for he had until then derided the idea) that he had raised a demon he could never lay. He fled for refuge to some wretched hiding-place, as if any place in that great house could hide him from those who were now seeking his blood. His own domestics, all of them serfs to the village, joining the assailants, soon hunted him down and dragged him to the door, when he was commanded to give up the money he had robbed them of. With trembling limbs and pallid cheeks he obeyed, yielded his keys, and begged on his knees for mercy. In the most abject fear and cowardly despair he offered them all he possessed, promised forgiveness, and that he would reduce the obrok—any thing, every thing, for his life. But mercy he had never shown, and mercy they did not show him. The axes of fifty men glittered in the cold moonlight and descended on his head. Then, when he was chopped to pieces, began the work of destruction. The wines and spirits found in the house added drunken madness to the madness of ignorant despairing vengeance, and morning found the revolted serfs dancing wildly about the dying embers of what had lately been the steward's house, offices, stables, and store-rooms. No thought of consequences entered their benighted heads. They had recovered the lost money and a great deal more; they had feasted to satiety on the rich stores of the steward; best of all, they had killed their enemy as they would kill a wolf. But consequences were not slow to come. A cry of "Soldiers!" was raised. Surprised, they ran this way to be met by a volley of musketry, and they ran that way to meet another volley. Dead and wounded fell like rotten sheep. The tapores were thrown down, the peasants fell on their knees screaming for mercy, and surrendered at discretion.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

ON pages 600 and 601 we publish an illustration of the SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, fought on 30th August, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Davenport, who was with General Sigel throughout the battle. The following description from a *Tribune* correspondent, who was also present, will explain the picture. The time was about noon, when Sigel was throwing out regiments to his left to prevent the rebels outflanking him:

In the order of battle for the day Heintzelman commanded the right, Porter and Sigel the centre, and M'Dowell the left. At 10 Heintzelman advanced skirmishers into the wood on the right of the battle-field of the day before, and found it only held by a few troublesome bushwhackers. Driving them back, large numbers of wounded were got off and passed to the rear.

I rode in with these skirmishers as far as I deemed prudent. At any rate I got upon ground where the corpses attested the fighting of the day before. First I came upon bodies in blue. These were our fallen. Then there were those in blue mingled with others in gray and nondescript. That ground had been fought over. A little further they were all blue and nondescript. And there the bodies were thickest. Upon ground that I judged to be not over half an acre I counted seventy-nine bodies, dead and wounded. Advancing further still, I saw a Union soldier seized, not ten rods from me, and carried off by bushwhackers. I retired (in good order), satisfied that the enemy's loss exceeded our own. At 2 o'clock, by the movements of troops from right to left, I inferred that the positions of the enemy had been found in that direction. By this time our line was different from that of the day before. Our right was further advanced, our left withdrawn, so that we fronted almost to the south. At Bull Run, a year ago, we faced exactly south.

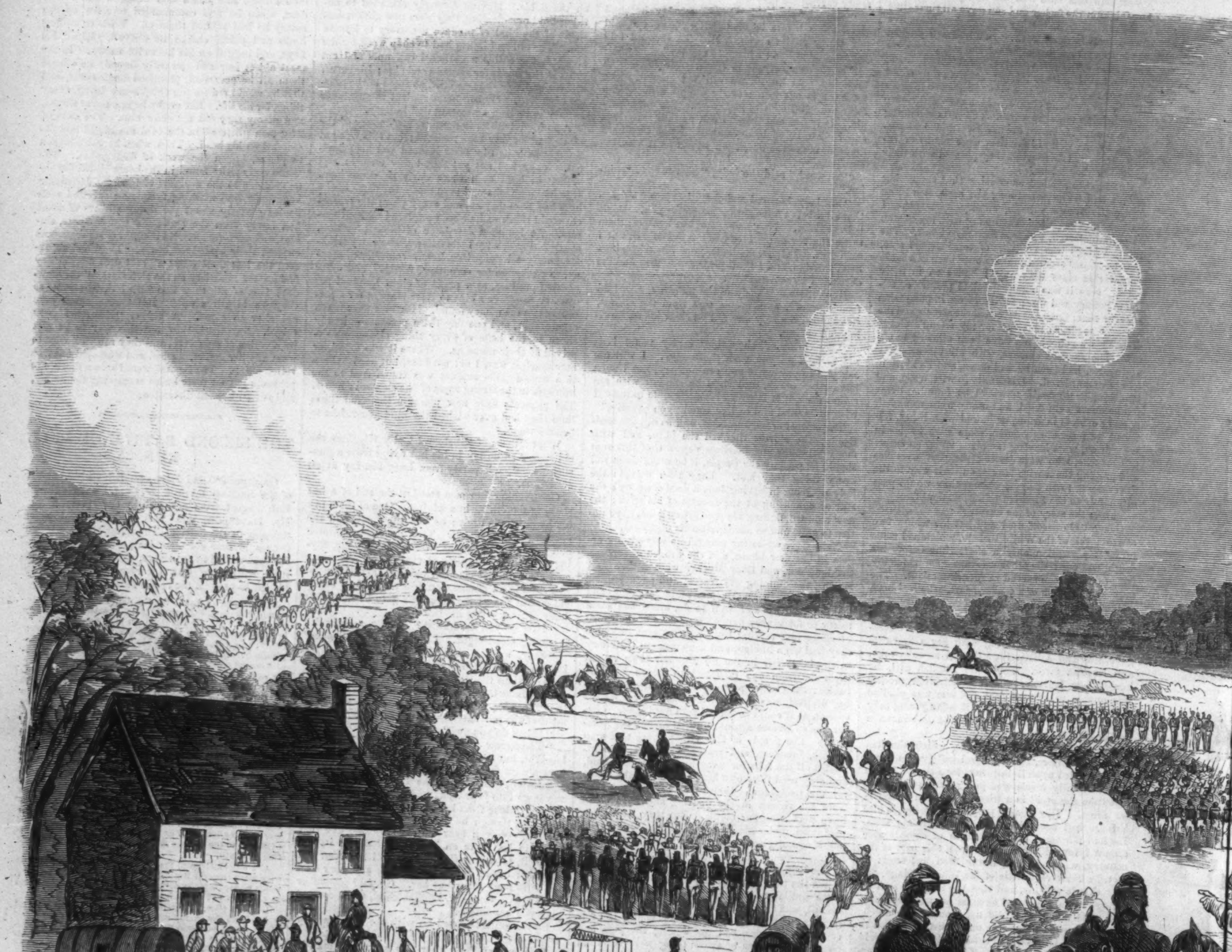
At 3 o'clock General Stevens attacked at the right, and soon after General Butterfield at the left. The enemy's shells seemed equally distributed along the whole line, and at each point of attack he met us with musketry.

I was at General Sigel's head-quarters. That general was certain the enemy intended to turn one or the other of our flanks, and said we must ascertain which, or the result was at the best doubtful; for his scouts had just reported that Lee, with the entire remainder of the rebel army, had come up and assumed command. The scouts were correct. On Saturday we fought the whole rebel army.

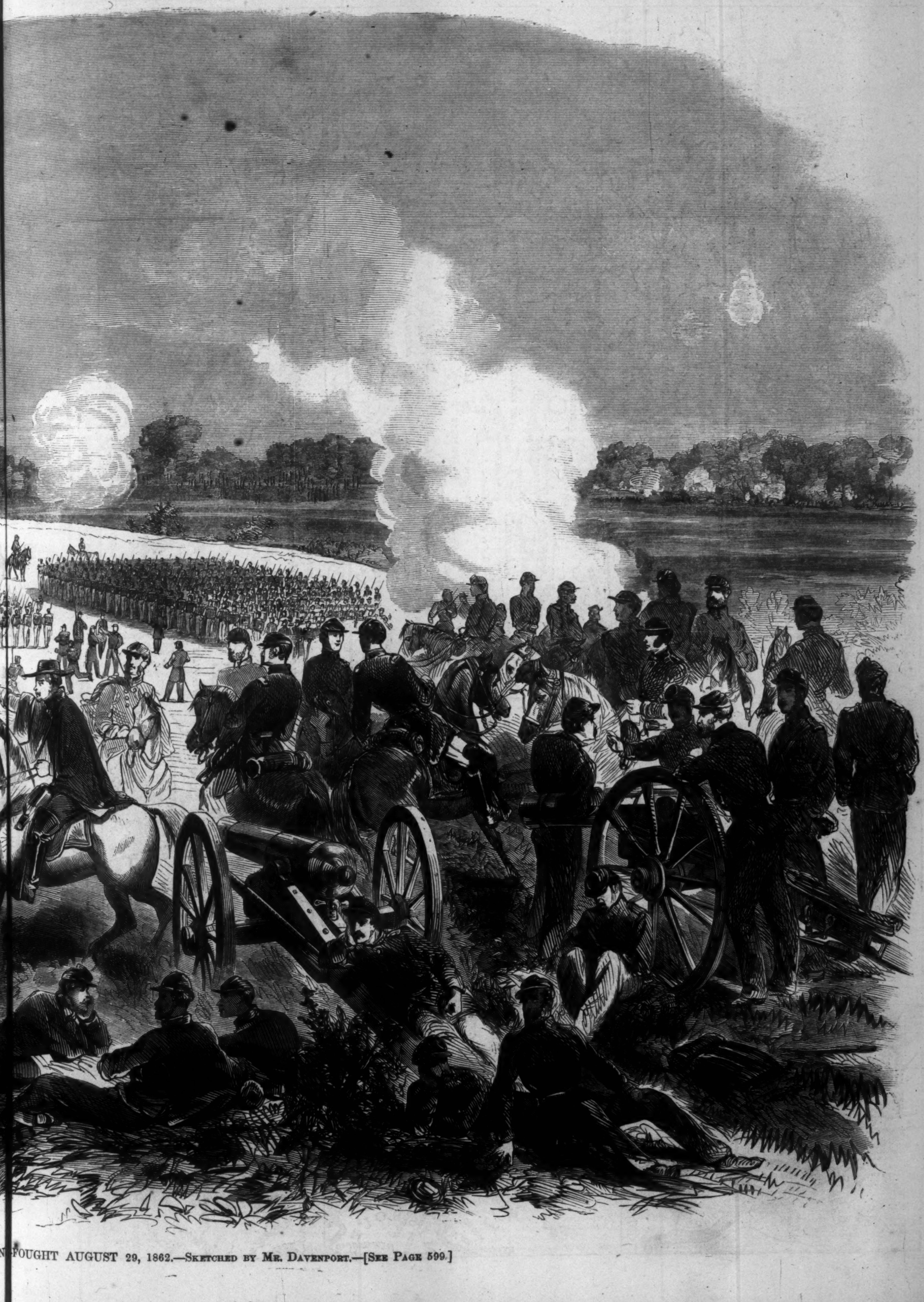
Posting myself in the centre, within view of both portions of the field where infantry were engaged, I could not determine which had the best of it. Evidently but few troops were engaged, and I surmised that we were fighting merely to learn where lay the enemy's main force. At length our force at the right was driven back, and I thought General Pope had been outgeneraled when he moved men at an earlier part of the day from right to left.

A quarter of an hour later I wished he had moved a still greater proportion to the left. I have heard the musketry of the best contested battles fought in Virginia, and I say unhesitatingly that the fire which broke out at the left and up to the centre was by far the heaviest of any. Talk of volleys, and rolls, and crashes! It was all these continually accumulating, piling upon each other in mighty swelling volume—the wrestle of rushing tornadoes such as chaos may have known. From my position it seemed that artillery played from each of the cardinal points upon the devoted centre where I knew men were struggling. I could not see them struggling. The smoke of gunpowder prevented that, but I knew they were there, and I trembled for the result. A few minutes later Schurz, who was in reserve, was ordered to the left. Before he could get fairly into position M'Dowell and Porter were irretrievably broken. Their soldiers fought like brave men; if moments be reckoned by their intensity, they fought long, as they surely did fight well. I doubt not they piled the ground with rebel slain, as Halleck sings of Moslem slain by Bozzari's band. I believe there can not be a man who heard or participated in that awful tragedy but counts the hour between 4½ and 5½ o'clock the severest fighting he ever knew. It was all at one point. Along the right half of the line the combatants seemed to desist in amazement at the struggle there. By half after five it was apparent that we were beaten—outflanked by a concentration upon the left. Wagoners and stragglers about the hospitals scented the retreat, and soon trains of the former and streams of the latter could be seen making for the Bull Run bridges and fords. M'Dowell's and Porter's corps retired in comparative order. I use this term not as a mild but false paraphrase for driven back, but because it covers the actual fact in the case.

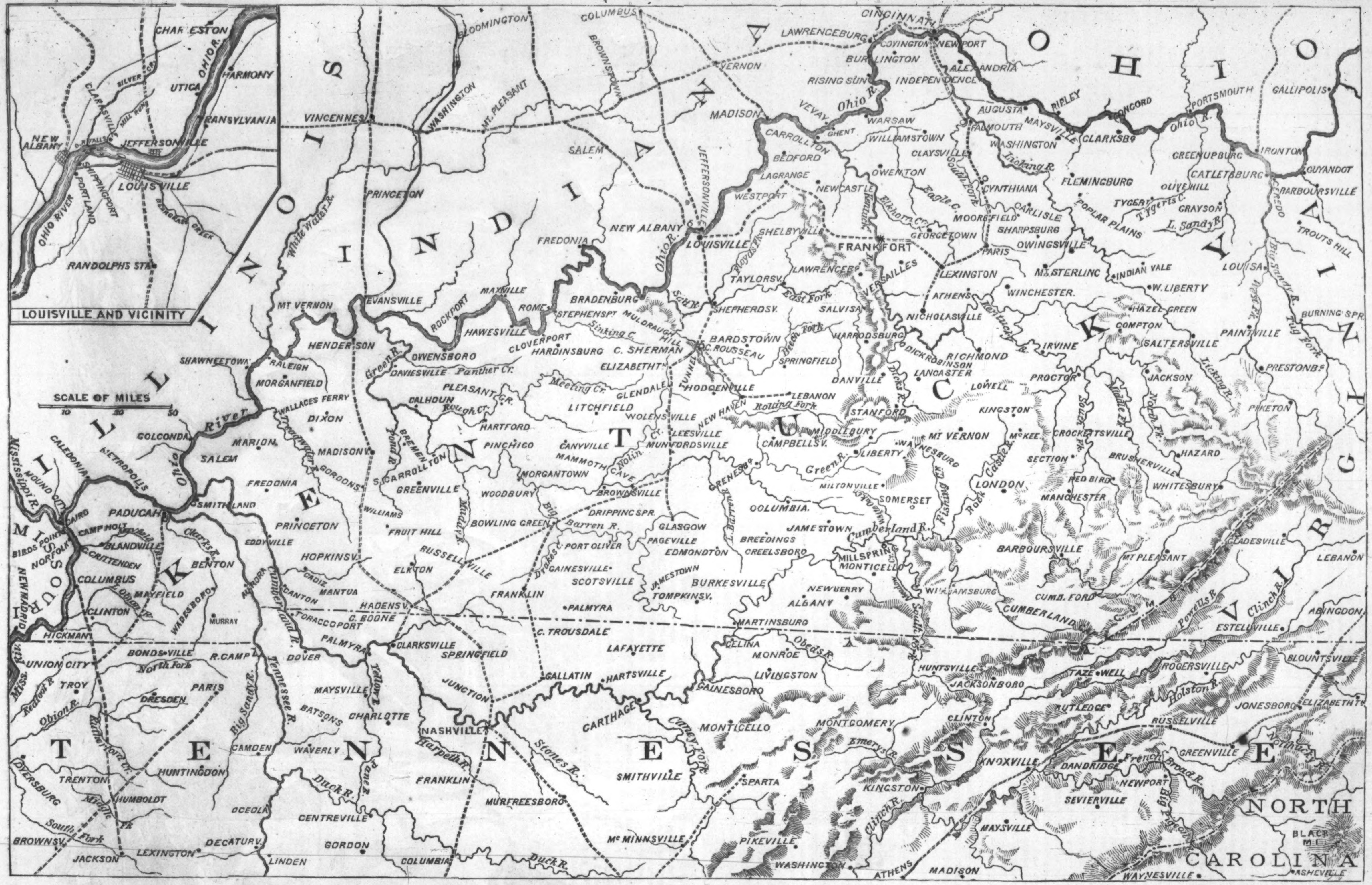
I do not think there was a brigade that could not, as it came from the field, show its distinct regiments, or rather a nucleus of each regiment to whose standard ere it had marched a mile its scattered men gathered. Still there were several thousands hurrying pell-mell in advance of them toward Centreville, crowding the stone bridge and wading the stream. A dozen long wagon trains centred there, but there was little confusion among them, no desertion of wagons, but simply a jam, where each desired and pushed to be first. They were thus cool, notwithstanding a few shell burst among them. All this time the right was firm, and only at the calm discretion of its generals. Unaccountably to me at the time, so soon as we fell back from the left the musketry almost entirely ceased. We were pursued by shells only. It is probable that the enemy dared not advance lest Heintzelman and Sigel should fall upon his flank as he should pass by them. Sigel had not had his fight out, nor had Heintzelman, and the enemy was hardly in condition for another battle immediately. It is possible, also, that Banks's corps was nearing the field—he was known to be at Manassas early in the day—and they may have seen his advance and been afraid. It was all done in two hours.



GENERAL SIGEL'S CORPS AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN—FOU



UN-FOUGHT AUGUST 29, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. Davenport.—[See Page 599.]


OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
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NORTH CAROLINA
MISSOURI
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LOUISVILLE
FRANKFORT
LEXINGTON
BOWLING GREEN
PADUCAH
COLUMBUS
NASHVILLE
KNOXVILLE
CUMBERLAND GAP
Ohio R.
Mississippi R.
Cumberland R.
Tennessee R.
Green R.
Kentucky R.
SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30 50
LOUISVILLE AND VICINITY
JEFFERSONVILLE
NEW ALBANY
SHIPPINGPORT
PORTLAND
OHIO RIVER

WAR MAP OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE PRESENT THEATRE OF OPERATIONS IN THE WEST.

GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

On page 596 we publish several pictures of the army under command of General Buell, from sketches by Mr. Hubner. The following account of the pictures will serve to explain them:

A VIEW OF DECHERD, TENNESSEE.

Decherd is a station on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, boasting a dépôt, hotel, and half a dozen dwelling and store houses. It has shared the usual fate of small towns in districts occupied by the army. The quarter-master has fallen heir to the dépôt, and has filled it with his stores. The Provost Marshal and the convalescent soldiers have taken possession of the rest of the town. Having grown to be a point of military importance, it has been strongly fortified. The stockade forts in different parts of the town are observable in the view. The camp of the Third Ohio occupies the right of the drawing, with the dépôt and store-houses in the fore-ground and centre. The mountains in the back-ground are spurs of the Cumberland.

THE SEVENTH INDIANA BATTERY.

In a neat and strong fort west of the town the Seventh Indiana battery has been stationed to defend the approaches from the mountains. These forts and stockades were built to defend the troops stationed here against guerrilla raids.

THE CONTRABAND CAMP.

All the work of fortifying in General Buell's Department is done by the negroes of rebel masters. General Buell was very prompt to obey the order of the President on that subject. Thousands of negroes are now in his camps doing duty as laborers in various capacities. Many of the wagon trains are driven by negroes.

GENERAL BUELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

The sketch of General Buell's head-quarters is particularly faithful. The tents on the left are those of General Buell and Colonel Fry, his Chief of Staff. That of the military telegrapher is seen on the right. General Buell invariably lives in camp. He is now in the field for a long and tedious campaign, which his brilliant military genius and recognized abilities will bring to a successful termination.

In the woods near our camp is the grave of one of General M'Cook's men, shot in defending his General. His name is John Lochbihler, Company D, Ninth Regiment Ohio Volunteers, born in Bavaria, Germany. The boys mourn their brave leader, and have sworn to revenge him. The Ninth Regiment is a fine regiment, though they had to suffer much from heavy marchings.

The Third Ohio and Forty-second Indiana marched in two days from Huntsville to Decherd. It was a heavy march, and they were highly complimented for it.

THE INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

On page 597 we publish three pictures from sketches by our special artist, Mr. H. Mosler, illustrating the preparations made at Cincinnati and Covington to resist the rebels. Early last week it was known that Kirby Smith, at the head of a large body of troops (15,000 or 20,000), advanced into Eastern Kentucky. Having defeated a small body of raw volunteers under Nelson, they pushed forward and seized successively Cynthiana, Frankfort, and Lexington, menacing Louisville and Cincinnati. General Lew Wallace was at once placed in command at the latter city, and issued the following order:

ORDER FROM GENERAL WALLACE.

> The undersigned, by order of Major-General Wright, assumes command of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport.
>
> It is but fair to inform our citizens that an active, daring, and powerful enemy threatens them with every consequence of war—yet the cities must be defended and the inhabitants assist in the preparations.
>
> *First*—All business must be suspended at nine o'clock to-day. Every business house must be closed.
>
> *Second*—Under the direction of the Mayor the citizens must, within the hour after the suspension of business, assemble in convenient public places ready for orders, and as soon as possible they will then be assigned to their work. This labor ought to be one of love, and the undersigned trusts and believes that it will be so. Any how it must be done: the willing shall be promptly credited—the unwilling promptly visited.
>
> The principle adopted is, "Citizens for the labor, soldiers for the battle."
>
> Martial law is hereby proclaimed in the three cities. Until they can be relieved by the military, the injunctions of this proclamation will be executed by the police.
>
> *Third*—Ferry-boats will cease plying the river after four o'clock in the morning until further orders.
>
> LEWIS WALLACE,
> Major-General Commanding.

The citizens responded with enthusiasm. The *Gazette* says:

> "The streets are fairly alive with moving columns of armed men. The city military companies filed through the streets yesterday in splendid style, and made a magnificent appearance. From the interior we learn the country is fairly alive. Men are rushing to arms, and every train comes in loaded with volunteers armed and ready for action. They are pouring in by thousands. The Governor of Ohio is doing his part fully, and the military authorities at the State capital are promptly and efficiently performing their duties. Ohio regiments are coming in freely, and Governor Morton, as usual, is ready with a large force to swell the columns that are concentrating for operations in Kentucky. Major-General Wallace has certainly reason to feel proud of the spontaneous outpouring of the people in response to his demands. Nothing has been done grudgingly. With liberality and even enthusiasm the people have rallied to the standard of the commander."

On 5th a reconnoissance was made from Cincinnati over the Kentucky Central Railroad to a point ten miles north of Cynthiana where evidences of the enemy were found; and a dispatch from Falmouth, dated at 1 o'clock on 6th, states that the National scouts had discovered the rebels within four miles of that place with artillery.

On 7th Major-General Wright issued an order relieving General Wallace from duty at Cincinnati, and directing him to proceed to Covington, Kentucky, where he is to organize into brigades the troops mustered into service and concentrating at and in the vicinity of that place and Newport. Other changes in the service are also made. The resumption of all lawful business in Cincinnati except the sale of liquors is authorized until 4 o'clock in the afternoon daily. All the military organizations of the city are to assemble for drill every afternoon excepting Sunday, and the members of such organizations will hold themselves in readiness to rally at the place of rendezvous at a moment's warning. The organization of all able-bodied citizens into a working corps is to be perfected with the aid of the civil authorities.

TALKING OF SELF.

It is a nice and curious inquiry how far it is desirable, or even tolerable, for people to talk of themselves. There is no broader distinction between man and man than the manner and the degree in which this is done. There are people who never talk of themselves. There are others who never talk of any thing but themselves—that is, who can pursue no subject unless the vista can be made to terminate in self. Wherever it comes to this, the question admits but of one answer—indeed, society has put the too frequent use of the word "I" under an interdict. No person who mixes much with mankind dares to turn the conversation habitually upon himself, except under some feint or disguise. Nevertheless, we all of us know persons who talk only of themselves, and families who never get farther from themselves than one another. These are probably the dullest people and dullest families of our acquaintance; for, when we come to think of it, all prominent dullness has a touch of egotism at bottom, and this is the point that tells. It is the part we have to play in their company that oppresses us both at the time and in recollection. Not only is their intelligence chained to themselves, but ours also. All interchange and variety of thought are impossible, not only because they are a heavy, unimaginative sort of people, whose flights are circumscribed to their own prospects, but because their one subject is precisely that on which we can neither speak our own mind nor satisfy expectation. We could discuss the man merrily enough behind his back; but to be forced to follow his lead, too polite to be candid, yet full of inward revolt, is a false position, and the inevitable subservience leaves a flavor of annoyance and failure which intercourse with mere dryness and insipidity can not be charged with.

We all know men and women tethered, by a string whose length we instinctively measure, to themselves. Every subject under the sun reminds such people of themselves. Nothing is too remote for this alliance—they can not hear of the stars without wanting their own horoscopes. Their sole notion of conversation is to display themselves. They are ready to unveil their whole idiosyncrasy to whoever will look and listen. Their loves, and hates, and prospects are at any body's service. Their experiences, successes, every fine thing ever said to them or of them, are common property. The whole world is their confessor in the matter of their faults, temptations, whims, grievances, doubts, and weaknesses. They expect to interest strangers by an avowal of their taste in meats and drinks and clothes. They confide their diseases and their remedies, their personal habits, their affairs to any chance comer, never for a moment visited by the misgiving pressed upon them by the preacher—"Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or not it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves?" Society, or rather their own little world, is simply a tablet on which to subscribe self. When forced by some strong counter-will out of this indulgence, they are visibly at sea, vacant, disturbed; they have nothing to say; we feel for them as painfully out of their element, and are prone in weak good-nature to help them into port again. Now a good deal of this is mere ill-manners. People who talk in this way are either underbred or incapable of nurture, or they suffer the want of certain wholesome restraints that keep the rest of the world in order. Miss Austen, whom few forms of social folly escaped, has more than one character representing this habit of mind, and revealing its source. Every reader can recall that elaborate and inimitable impersonation of self-display, Mrs. Elton, who, once received into the memory, has too many counterparts in real life ever to be forgotten.

Vanity is of course the leading motive to this obtrusive display. Yet the habit of perpetually reverting to self is not always to be confounded with vanity. Mere paucity of ideas and deadness of fancy drive some people into it who have a willingness to talk, and yet so little perception of things out of themselves that nothing apart from their own routine of sensations presents itself to say. No doubt it gives them a general sense of importance to clothe themselves in words, but they have hardly a choice as to the means. There are men who will tell any body how often they have been jilted, under the vague sense that honor will somehow redound to themselves from the confession; or they will found a claim for distinction upon a weak digestion, or the difficulties they encounter in shaving. But these aspirations are something apart from vanity. There is a mild satisfaction in being not a mere insignificant unit, but possessed of differences and peculiarities, which is worth all the world besides to some people, and indeed to which none of us are quite insensible. Others talk of themselves from a nervous desire to cover their defects—a restless impulse to set off their presentable points. They are alive to some weak side, which preys on their sensitiveness. As some people are most apt to talk of their fine friends and grand relations, there are those who are deeply conscious of a preponderance of the other sort. Thus very few persons who talk much about themselves talk the truth. The impression they want to give is one-sided. There are, probably, a hundred things about themselves which, in the midst of ostentatious candor, they suppress.

> Some faults we own; but can you guess?
> Why, virtues carried to excess.

And the side represented swells to inordinate dimensions, and takes an aspect bearing it out of the region of fact. Or perhaps, like Goethe and Rousseau, they have a notion that every thing becomes them—that even meanness or baseness is glorified when made a matter of frank confession.

As excessive talk of this kind is presumption, the habit is most odious in young people. Children in their natural state never talk of themselves. They show egotism by a peculiar appreciation of the pronouns "my" and "mine;" but they are not yet self-conscious. They could not, if they would, unveil themselves—their vanity takes another direction. All attempts, unless very systematic and insidious, fail to rouse self into expression. Precocious children now and then talk of themselves, especially if forced and excited by a certain sort of religious teaching. Then they can be heard to enlarge with a horrible glibness on their feelings, their convictions of sin, their schemes for setting the world to rights; but this is mostly a sign of an overtasked brain, accompanied sometimes by an exceptional, grotesque form of naughtiness, and sure to pass off as the health improves and the cleverness vanishes. When childhood, and even boyhood, is fairly over, is the time for self to assert itself in talk. Then it awakes full armed in a sort of bloom and overflow of conceit, an invasion of arrogance never to be matched in after-life. There are not many more unpleasant things in the social world than a pert, forward young man, whose theme is universally himself—who entertains every company with himself, and breaks up every conversation that does not concern himself. These insufferable youths are of all sorts, from the flippant and most bearable who clamors of his own exploits, boasts himself the envy of one sex and the idol of the other, to the deep, oracular, and enlightened youth who will not allow us to remain in the dark as to his views on any of the topics that occupy mankind. Or there is the sententious, didactic young man, more than endured, probably, by some small admiring circle—a teetotaler, perhaps, or a stringent Sabbatarian, or engaged in a course of lectures to "the lower orders," or in some way or other a conscious example, reprover, and guide to his fellow-men. Whatever their line, they are intrinsically the same—all alike patronizing or indifferent to their betters—all blind to the impression they make—all lavishing the fullness of their admiration, reverence, and talk on one central figure—all flaunting the same self in our eyes—keeping up the one chorus, "I, I, I," "I say," "I know," "I do."

And yet all people must sometimes talk of themselves—all ought to be able to do it on fitting occasions freely and naturally. No man is interesting who never talks of strictly personal matters; indeed, we can not be said really to know any body till he has talked of himself to us. Until there has been a mutual interchange of such confidences people are acquaintances not friends; and the man who has no such confidences to make has no friends. It is not, then, the practice itself, but how and when to indulge it that is the point. We use the word "indulge" designedly, for unquestionably the subject most interesting to every one must be himself. It is in recognition of this fact that all popular forms of religion agree in spiritualizing egotism. Methodism enjoins all its members to enlarge periodically each on himself—the only check being that all have to listen in their turn. Romanism makes asceticism endurable by enjoining an immense amount of self-scrutiny and proportionate self-portraiture; and attempts at conventual life in our own Church all bring out the fact that unlimited dwelling on self and lengthy confession—that is, the talking of self—is the one indemnity for a life of unnatural constraint and bondage. To persons open to the active interests of life and the relaxations of society, however, a great many circumstances ought to combine to make the subject of self a natural or even a pleasurable one. Talking of self is one of the strongest proofs of confidence that can be given by a mind of due delicacy and reserve—a confidence that ought to be bestowed with such discretion as to make it always welcome. With ordinary people, under ordinary circumstances, the subject, at any length or particularity, must be either a favor or an impertinence. There are, however, a great many people who have a right to talk of themselves with freer latitude than it is wise to give ourselves—old people, for instance, who have the instinctive longing to leave some record of themselves behind them. And even where old age "is given to lying" of past achievements, it is not so bad as the boasting of younger men. There is generally some quaint savor about it—some illusion of a failing memory claiming our indulgence in the worst cases, and softening contempt. Invalids and persons of weak nerves and spirits must be allowed to talk of themselves. Pain, weariness, and seclusion throw them upon their inner consciousness. When every nerve and function of the body makes itself felt, and every feeling is morbidly excited, they must be excused if nothing out of themselves can command their attention. It is needless to say that persons under some immediate shock unhinging to the whole being must be not only allowed but encouraged to talk of themselves; for a personal grief put into words is infinitely lighter and more bearable than trouble pressing on the heart. There is something in every effort at expression which brings relief; and when sorrow can be brought to describe itself the worst is over. Again, persons of notoriety may be pardoned if they fall into this habit. We hear of great poets, authors, preachers, philanthropists, soldiers, who talk too much of themselves; and it is true that vanity is often a conspicuous element in conspicuous greatness, acting as a sort of spur, and indemnifying itself with words. But society itself takes the part of flatterer in their case—first leads them on, and puts them off their guard by the importunity of its interest, and then of course betrays them.

And lastly, wits make great capital of themselves. Many of the best things of our most delightful humorists are about themselves. We not only excuse it in their case, but this perpetual consciousness of and reference to themselves is of the essence of their wit, and gives it its careless, genial character. So far from any sense of restraint, when Falstaff or Sydney Smith talk of themselves, it has the effect of making us all partners in the joke. But in every case where it is so it is not the man's real self, but one or more of his personal or mental characteristics that he plays with. We are conscious all the while of an inner self which he keeps as jealously guarded as the most reserved of his hearers. That talk of self, or any part of self, which connects the speaker with grotesque, remote, abstract, or strongly contrasted ideas is more than tolerable. That which keeps down both speaker and listener, in whatever seeming variety of subject, to one tedious, obtrusive idea, is the propensity under which society rebels. After all, it is a matter of sympathy. The sinners in this line have no fellow-feeling. They do not do as they would be done by, for they see no parallel between themselves and others, their own affairs and other people's. They believe in a distinct superiority in all that concerns themselves. Trifles in the abstract are not trifles with them, but subjects of legitimate interest to the world; and that obtuseness which constitutes want of sympathy is at the bottom of their error. Any person who can make his inner self or his family affairs amusing has perception enough to secure his hearer's interest before he tries it. Indeed, a man may say and do any thing—he may enumerate his charities, he may detail his last quarrel with his wife, he may repeat a string of his own *bon mots*, or press upon strangers the perusal of his manuscript poem—he may offend against every principle, and every canon of taste: but so long as he excites a genuine interest, and relies on real sympathy, he is not the man we mean, and does not offend in the particular direction which has given rise to our strictures.

THE LATE GEN. PHIL KEARNEY.

On page 604 we publish a portrait of THE LATE GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY, who was killed in battle near Fairfax Court House on 1st September.

Philip Kearney was born in this city on 2d June, 1815. He was born a soldier, and in spite of the wishes of his family, who desired him to study law, enlisted in the First United States Dragoons when quite a boy. His uncle then commanded them, and through his influence he succeeded in obtaining a commission as Second Lieutenant. He was shortly afterward sent to Europe by the Government to report upon the cavalry tactics of the French; and the better to inform himself he joined the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, and made several campaigns with them in Algeria, winning golden opinions from the officers for his gallantry and military skill. When the war broke out with Mexico, Phil Kearney accompanied the army as a Captain of Dragoons, whose equipments and horses he provided at his private expense. In the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico he won high honor, and was shortly afterward brevetted Major for his gallantry. At the San Antonio Gate, City of Mexico, he was ordered to charge a battery. He gave the order to charge. A murderous volley checked his advance, and caused his troop to waver. Alone, with his sword erect, Philip Kearney dashed upon the enemy, and his men, electrified by his example, charged and took the battery. In this affair Major Kearney lost an arm.

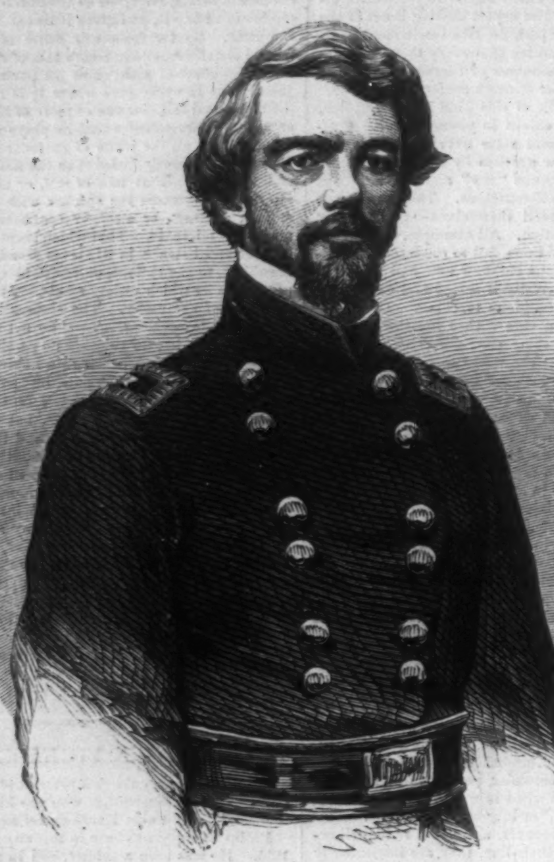
After the Mexican war Major Kearney was sent to California, and commanded an expedition against the Indians of the Columbia River. He displayed during this campaign, as the annals of the War Department will prove, such tact, coolness, and courage as won him the praise of our best military judges. When returned from this expedition Major Kearney resigned his commission, and returning to Europe devoted several years to military studies.

During the Italian campaign of 1859 Major Kearney served as volunteer aid to General Morris, a distinguished officer in the French army. The American aid made good use of the facilities offered him during the series of brilliant victories which brought the contest to a speedy conclusion. He was ever observing, studying with unflagging zeal and ardor each movement of the army. He was unconsciously preparing himself for his future position. At the conclusion of this campaign the French officers, who had witnessed with delight the evidences of the military ardor and enthusiasm of Philip Kearney, called the Emperor Napoleon's attention to the American officer. His Majesty immediately bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

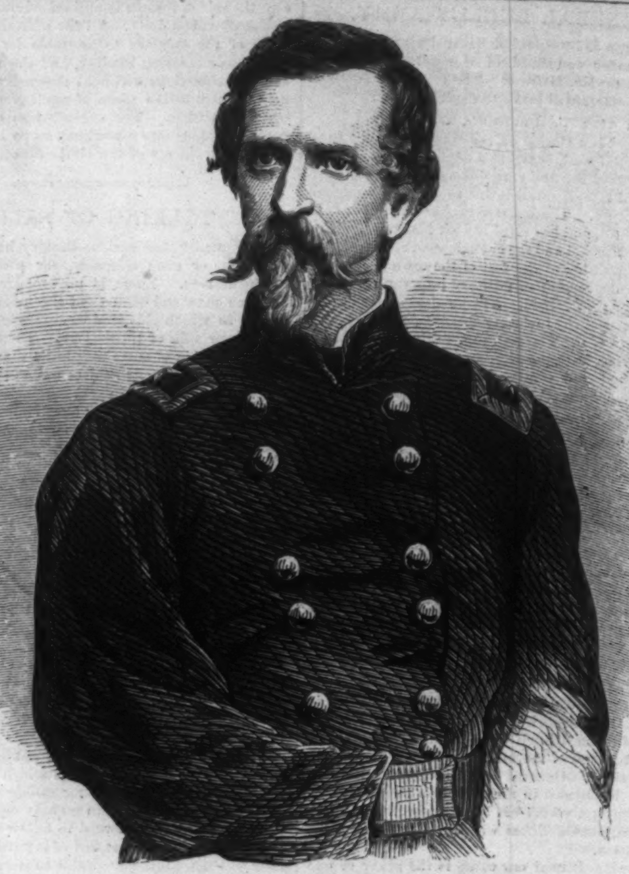
When the news of the breaking out of this hideous rebellion first reached Europe, Major Philip Kearney was residing in Paris. He lost not a moment. He hurried back to offer his services to his country, and was shortly afterward appointed a Brigadier-General of the forces of New Jersey. In the army of the Potomac no officer has won higher praise than General Kearney. General M'Clellan is said to have wept when he heard of his death, and to have said: "Who can replace Phil Kearney?"

A writer in the *Herald* says:

> During his residence in Paris General Kearney was the constant companion of those officers in the French army most celebrated for valiant deeds. He delighted in the society of such as himself—soldiers in every sense of the word. He profited by their experience, discussed with them military matters, adding thus to his own acquirements the results of the study and experience of others. Before the commencement of the present struggle his dwelling in Paris was the rendezvous of all American officers passing through France. His hospitality was unbounded, his courtesy that of the high-toned gentleman. We have seen gathered around his table there those now prominent in the rebel army—Beauregard, Lee, the Johnstons, Stonewall Jackson, Magruder, and others; and no doubt many a pang will visit their hearts when they learn that Phil Kearney was their victim. We are assured that these rebel leaders repeatedly expressed, in their letters to secessionists in Paris, their dread of the military skill and dash of "Brave Phil Kearney," and their wonder that he was not long since appointed to some high and responsible post.



THE LATE GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS.—[Photographed by Brady.]



THE LATE GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 603.]

THE LATE GENERAL STEVENS.

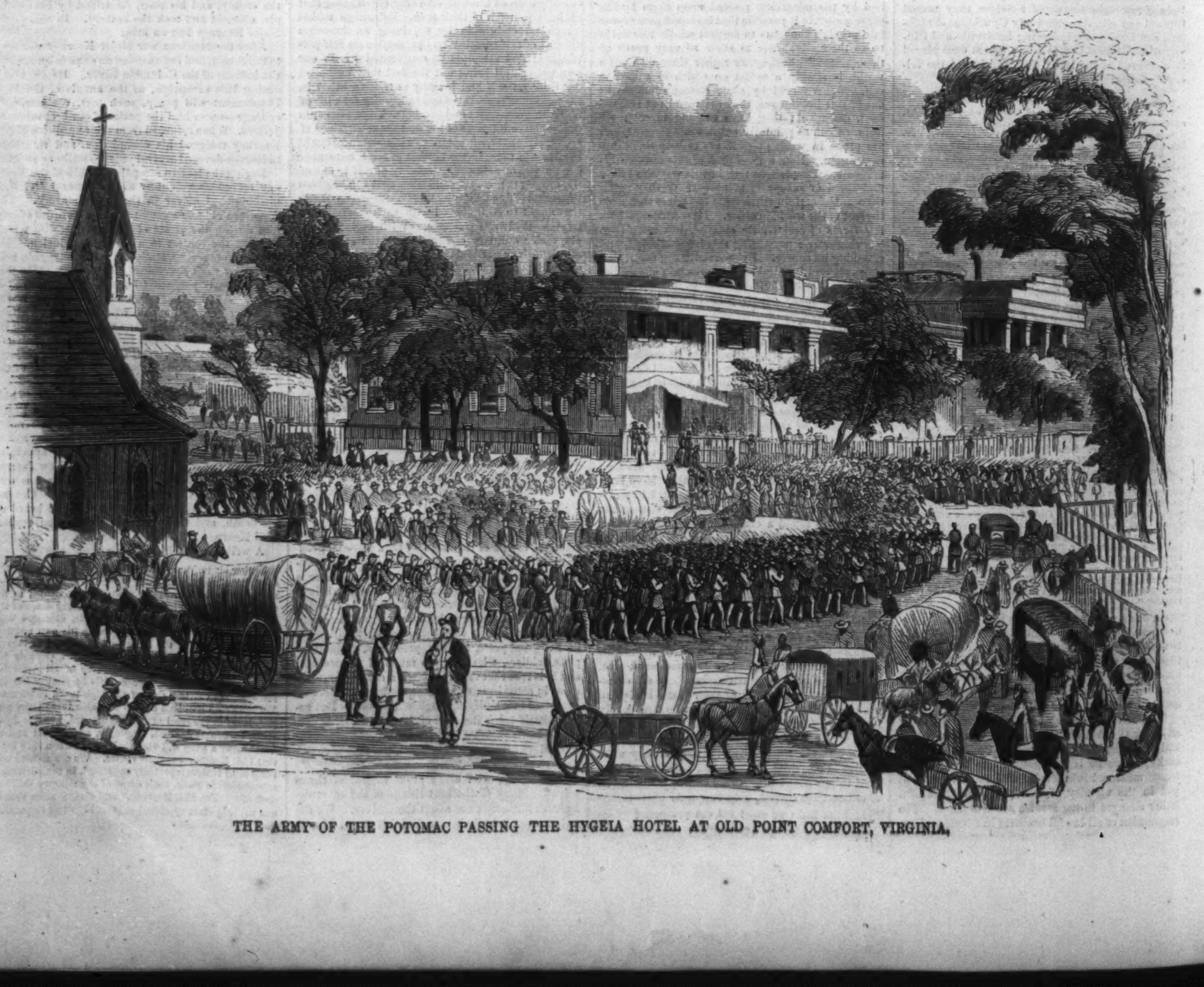
Brigadier-General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, whose portrait we give on this page, was born at Andover, Massachusetts, in the year 1818, and was killed on 1st September, in Virginia. He graduated at the head of his class at West Point in 1839, and entered the Engineers. At the time the Mexican war broke out he was Adjutant. At Contreras and Churubusco he won the brevet rank of Captain, and at the assault upon the San Cosme gate of the city of Mexico his gallantry won for him the rank of Major. After the war he was connected for a time with the Coast Survey, and subsequently with the surveys for a Pacific Railroad. He had chosen to make his home in Washington Territory, and Mr. Pierce appointed him its Governor. Subsequently, when Mr. Buchanan became President, he represented Washington Territory in Congress. He acted with the Southern Democracy in Congress, and when the late Presidential campaign was commenced he was selected as chairman of the Breckinridge National Executive Committee. During the fall of 1860 he remained in Washington, administering the affairs of the Committee; when the election took place he went back to the Pacific. At the outbreak of the rebellion Mr. Stevens cut loose from his associates, and tendered his services to the Government. He was at first appointed Colonel of the 79th New York Volunteers, to replace Colonel Cameron, killed at Bull Run. Subsequently, he was selected as one of the Brigadiers who accompanied General Sherman in the expedition to Port Royal. His eminent capacity was frequently shown in the operations at and around Port Royal, and his friends were not shaken in their confidence by his defeat near Charleston. When his army was sent North he was appointed to a command in the division commanded by General Reno, and took part in the various fights on the Rappahannock and near Manassas.

When he fell, shot through the head by a Minié ball, he was bearing aloft the colors of one of his regiments, and cheering on his men in a furious charge upon the foe. General Stevens was small of stature, wiry and compact in form, with an elastic step which betokened great energy, and an eye whose keen glances evidenced rare genius. Modest in mien, quiet in demeanor, and reticent of speech, he was resolute in will, heroic in conduct, and, far beyond most men, insensible to fear.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL.

Orders have been given for the destruction of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort, and we take this opportunity of publishing a picture of the building, which will soon figure in history alone. For many years the Hygeia Hotel will be well remembered, not only by the gay crowds which used to throng its veranda in peace time, but by the thousands of soldiers who have monopolized it since the war broke out. The artist who sketched it for us thus describes a memorable scene in its last days:

"Never before was such a commotion seen at Old Point as during the passage of the Army of the Potomac through it after the evacuation of Harrison's Landing. The water crowded with transports, literally swarming with troops, and multitudes of other vessels of every kind and shape, from the proud man-of-war to the sutler's barge; the wharves, hotel, and every avenue teeming with military men, wagons, ambulances, and army material of every description, presented a scene that will be long remembered by all who witnessed it.



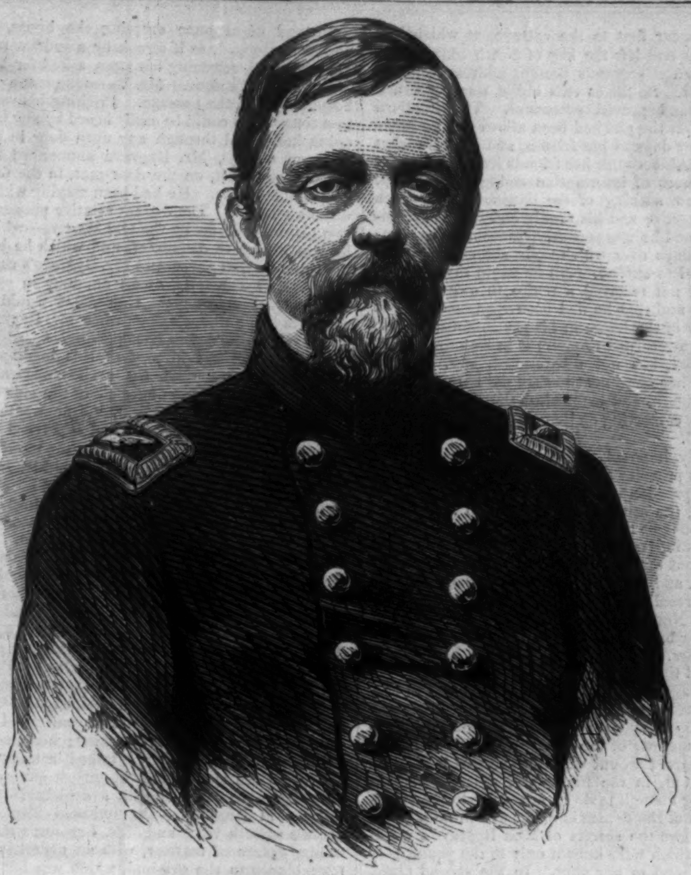
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC PASSING THE HYGEIA HOTEL AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

"The accompanying sketch, taken in front of the famous Hygeia Hotel, will give a fair idea of the appearance of the place for several days during the transit of General M'Clellan's army, with its endless array of infantry and cavalry passing in every direction. In the centre of the picture is that portion of the Hygeia building at present exclusively used as a hotel, the partially-concealed building to the right being a portion of what has been hitherto used as a hospital. In the nearest corner of the latter are the offices of the Provost Marshal and the Medical Director.

"On the left of the picture is seen a portion of the small Roman Catholic Church—the only place of worship at Old Point. Although very small, and nothing but a frame structure, it exhibits considerable architectural skill in the design, especially the interior, which, with its open timber roof, stained glass windows, and tasteful altar furnishings, produces a picturesque and striking effect that one would scarcely expect from so simple an exterior. In the distance, between this church and the Hygeia Hotel, may be discerned a portion of the fort and two of those ominous-looking black tubes with which the ramparts are bristling."

THE LATE COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER.

ON this page we publish a portrait of COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER, of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment, who was lately killed in battle in Virginia. The Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, which he led, he was mainly instrumental in raising and organizing. The regiment, which has always been known as the Webster regiment, was among the earliest to rally at the first call of the President for three years' volunteers, and for some little time was stationed at Fort Warren, Boston harbor; but after the battle of Bull Run it was sent to Washington, and organized in the Grand Army of the Potomac, in the fifth army corps, then under General Banks. Colonel Webster was the first and only surviving son of the late Hon. Daniel Webster, and was, when he died, the senior Colonel of the First Brigade of the First Division of the army corps of the Army of Virginia, commanded by General Banks. Colonel Webster had always been considered a good officer, but was also remarkable for his quiet, unambitious temper; and although much with his father during his political career, he was never himself a candidate for public station. He was, however, appointed Secretary of Legation to Mr. Caleb Cushing, on the Chinese embassy of 1842, and held a position during the administrations of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan in the Custom-house at Boston. Colonel Webster was about fifty years of age, and leaves a wife and children.



THE LATE COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

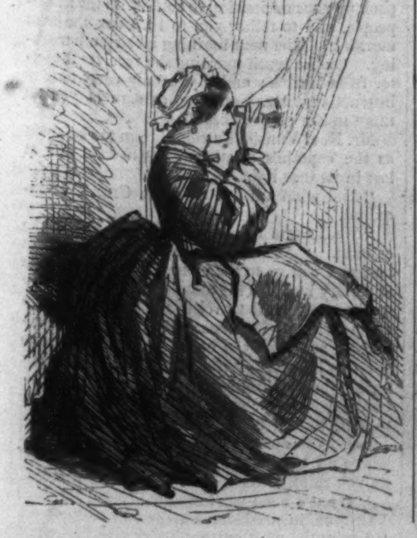
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

IF Captain Wragge could have looked into Mrs. Lecount's room while he stood on the parade watching the light in her window, he would have seen the housekeeper sitting absorbed in meditation over a worthless little morsel of brown stuff which lay on her toilet-table.

However exasperating to herself the conclusion might be, Mrs. Lecount could not fail to see that she had been thus far met and baffled successfully at every point. What was she to do next? If she sent for Mr. Pendril, when he came to Aldborough (with only a few hours spared from his business at her disposal) what definite course would there be for him to follow? If she showed Mr. Noel Vanstone the original letter from which her note had been copied, he would apply instantly to the writer for an explanation—would expose the fabricated story by which Mrs. Lecount had succeeded in imposing on Miss Garth; and would in any event still declare, on the evidence of his own eyes, that the test by the marks on the neck had utterly failed. Miss Vanstone the elder, whose unexpected presence at Aldborough might have done wonders—whose voice in the hall at North Shingles, even if she had been admitted no farther, might have reached her sister's ears, and led to instant results—Miss Vanstone the elder was out of the country, and was not likely to return for a month at least. Look as anxiously as Mrs. Lecount might along the course which she had hitherto followed, she failed to see her way through the accumulated obstacles which now barred her advance.



Other women in this position might have waited until circumstances altered and helped them. Mrs. Lecount boldly retraced her steps, and determined to find her way to her end in a new direction. Resigning for the present all further attempt to prove that the false Miss Bygrave was the true Magdalen Vanstone, she resolved to narrow the range of her next efforts, to leave the actual question of Magdalen's identity untouched, and to rest satisfied with convincing her master of this simple fact, that the young lady who was charming him at North Shingles and the disguised woman who had terrified him in Vauxhall Walk were one and the same person.

The means of effecting this new object were, to all appearance, far less easy of attainment than the means of effecting the object which Mrs. Lecount had just resigned. Here no help was to be expected from others—no ostensibly benevolent motives could be put forward as a blind—no appeal could be made to Mr. Pendril or to Miss Garth. Here the housekeeper's only chance of success depended, in the first place, on her being able to effect a stolen entrance into the house; and, in the second place, on her ability to discover whether that memorable alpaca dress from which she had secretly cut the fragment of stuff happened to form part of Miss Bygrave's wardrobe.

Taking the difficulties now before her in their order as they occurred, Mrs. Lecount first resolved to devote the next few days to watching the habits of the inmates of North Shingles from early in the morning to late at night, and to testing the capacity of the one servant in the house to resist the temptation of a bribe. Assuming that results proved successful, and that, either by money or by stratagem, she gained admission to North Shingles (without the knowledge of Mr. Bygrave or his niece), she turned next to the second difficulty of the two—the difficulty of obtaining access to Miss Bygrave's wardrobe.

If the servant proved corruptible, all obstacles in this direction might be considered as removed beforehand. But if the servant proved honest, the new problem was no easy one to solve.

Long and careful consideration of the question led the housekeeper at last to the bold resolution of obtaining an interview—if the servant failed her—with Mrs. Bygrave herself. What was the true cause of this lady's mysterious seclusion? Was she a person of the strictest and the most inconvenient integrity? or a person who could not be depended on to preserve a secret? or a person who was as artful as Mr. Bygrave himself, and who was kept in reserve to forward the object of some new deception which was yet to come? In the first two cases Mrs. Lecount could trust in her own powers of dissimulation, and in the results which they might achieve. In the last case (if no other end was gained) it might be of vital importance to her to discover an enemy hidden in the dark. In any event, she determined to run the risk. Of the three chances in her favor on which she had reckoned at the outset of the struggle—the chance of entrapping Magdalen by word of mouth, the chance of entrapping her by the help of her friends, and the chance of entrapping her by means of Mrs. Bygrave—two had been tried, and two had failed. The third remained to be tested yet, and the third might succeed.

So the captain's enemy plotted against him in the privacy of her own chamber, while the captain watched the light in her window from the beach outside.

Before breakfast the next morning Captain Wragge posted the forged letter to Zurich with his own hand. He went back to North Shingles with his mind not quite decided on the course to take with Mrs. Lecount during the all-important interval of the next ten days.

Greatly to his surprise, his doubts on this point were abruptly decided, on his return to the house, by Magdalen herself.

He found her waiting for him in the room where the breakfast was laid. She was walking restlessly to and fro, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her hair hanging disordered over her shoulders. The moment she looked up, on his entrance, the captain felt the fear which Mrs. Wragge had felt before him—the fear that her mind would be struck prostrate again, as it had been struck once already, when Frank's letter reached her in Vauxhall Walk.

"Is he coming again to-day?" she asked, pushing away from her the chair which Captain Wragge offered, with such violence that she threw it on the floor.

"Yes," said the captain, wisely answering her in the fewest words. "He is coming at two o'clock."

"Take me away!" she exclaimed, tossing her hair back wildly from her face. "Take me away before he comes. I can't get over the horror of marrying him while I am in this hateful place; take me somewhere where I can forget it, or I shall go mad! Give me two days' rest—two days out of sight of that horrible sea—two days out of prison in this horrible house—two days any where in the wide world, away from Aldborough. I'll come back with you! I'll go through with it to the end! Only give me two days' escape from that man and every thing belonging to him! Do you hear, you villain?" she cried, seizing his arm, and shaking it in a frenzy of passion—"I have been tortured enough—I can bear it no longer!"

There was but one way of quieting her, and the captain instantly took it.

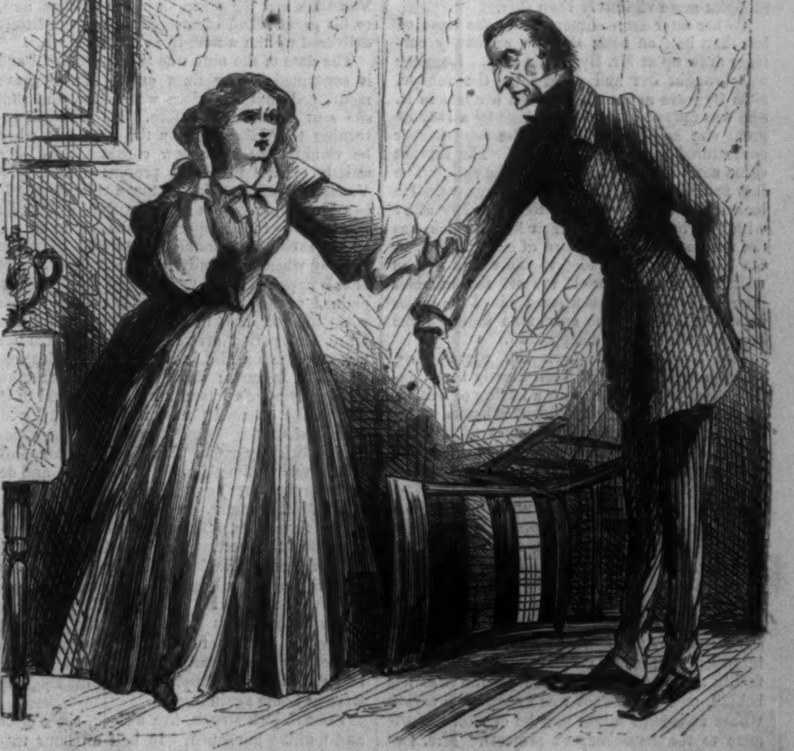
"If you will try to control yourself," he said, "you shall leave Aldborough in an hour's time."

She dropped his arm, and leaned back heavily against the wall behind her.

"I'll try," she answered, struggling for breath, but looking at him less wildly. "You sha'n't complain of me, if I can help it." She attempted confusedly to take her handkerchief from her apron pocket, and failed to find it. The captain took it out for her. Her eyes softened, and she drew her breath more freely as she received the handkerchief from him. "You are a kinder man than I thought you were," she said; "I am sorry I spoke so passionately to you just now—I am very, very sorry." The tears stole into her eyes, and she offered him her hand with the native grace and gentleness of happier days. "Be friends with me again," she said, pleadingly. "I'm only a girl, Captain Wragge—I'm only a girl!"

He took her hand in silence, patted it for a moment, and then opened the door for her to go back to her own room again. There was genuine regret in his face as he showed her that trifling attention. He was a vagabond and a cheat; he had lived a mean, shuffling, degraded life; but he was human, and she had found her way to the lost sympathies in him which not even the self-profanation of a swindler's existence could wholly destroy. "Damn the breakfast!" he said, when the servant came in for her orders. "Go to the inn directly, and say I want a carriage and pair at the door in an hour's time." He went out into the passage, still chafing under a sense of mental disturbance which was new to him, and shouted to his wife more fiercely than ever: "Pack up what we want for a week's absence, and be ready in half an hour!" Having issued those directions, he returned to the breakfast-room, and looked at the half-spread table with an impatient wonder at his disinclination to do justice to his own meal. "She has rubbed off the edge of my appetite," he said to himself, with a forced laugh. "I'll try a cigar, and a turn in the fresh air."

If he had been twenty years younger those remedies might have failed him. But where is the man to be found whose internal policy succumbs to revolution when that man is on the wrong side of fifty? Exercise and change of place gave the captain back into the possession of himself. He recovered the lost sense of the flavor of his cigar, and recalled his wandering attention to the question of his approaching absence from Aldborough. A few minutes' consideration satisfied his mind that Magdalen's outbreak had forced him to take the course of all



"DO YOU HEAR, YOU VILLAIN?"

others which, on a fair review of existing emergencies, it was now most desirable to adopt.

Captain Wragge's inquiries, on the evening when he and Magdalen had drunk tea at Sea View, had certainly informed him that the housekeeper's brother possessed a modest competence; that his sister was his nearest living relative; and that there were certain unscrupulous cousins on the spot who were anxious to usurp the place in his will which properly belonged to Mrs. Lecount. Here were strong motives to take the housekeeper to Zurich when the false report of her brother's relapse reached England. But if any idea of Noel Vanstone's true position dawned on her in the mean time, who could say whether she might not at the eleventh hour prefer asserting her large pecuniary interest in her master to defending her small pecuniary interest at her brother's bedside? While that question remained undecided the plain necessity of checking the growth of Noel Vanstone's intimacy with the family at North Shingles did not admit of a doubt, and of all means of effecting that object none could be less open to suspicion than the temporary removal of the household from their residence at Aldborough. Thoroughly satisfied with the soundness of this conclusion, Captain Wragge made straight for Sea-View Cottage, to apologize and explain before the carriage came and the departure took place.

Mr. Noel Vanstone was easily accessible to visitors: he was walking in the garden before breakfast. His disappointment and vexation were freely expressed when he heard the news which his friend had to communicate. The captain's fluent tongue, however, soon impressed on him the necessity of resignation to present circumstances. The bare hint that the "pious fraud" might fail after all, if any thing happened in the ten days' interval to enlighten Mrs. Lecount, had an instant effect in making Mr. Noel Vanstone as patient and as submissive as could be wished.

"I won't tell you where we are going, for two good reasons," said Captain Wragge, when his preliminary explanations were completed. "In the first place, I haven't made up my mind yet; and in the second place, if you don't know what our destination is, Mrs. Lecount can't worm it out of you. I have not the least doubt she is watching us at this moment from behind her window-curtain. When she asks what I wanted with you this morning, tell her I came to say good-by for a few days—finding my niece not so well again, and wishing to take her on a short visit to some friends, to try change of air. If you could produce an impression on Mrs. Lecount's mind (without overdoing it) that you are a little disappointed in me, and that you are rather inclined to doubt my heartiness in cultivating your acquaintance, you will greatly help our present object. You may depend on our return to North Shingles in four or five days at farthest. If any thing strikes me in the mean while, the post is always at our service, and I won't fail to write to you."

"Won't Miss Bygrave write to me?" inquired Mr. Noel Vanstone, piteously. "Did she know you were coming here? Did she send me no message?"

"Unpardonable on my part to have forgotten it!" cried the captain. "She sent you her love."

Mr. Noel Vanstone closed his eyes in silent ecstasy.

When he opened them again Captain Wragge had passed through the garden gate, and was on his way back to North Shingles. As soon as his own door had closed on him Mrs. Lecount descended from the post of observation which the captain had rightly suspected her of occupying, and addressed the inquiry to her master which the captain had rightly foreseen would follow his departure. The reply she received produced but one impression on her mind. She at once set it down as a falsehood, and returned to her own window, to keep watch over North Shingles more vigilantly than ever.

To her utter astonishment, after the lapse of less than half an hour, she saw an empty carriage draw up at Mr. Bygrave's door. Luggage was brought out and packed on the vehicle. Miss Bygrave appeared, and took her seat in it. She was followed into the carriage by a lady of great size and stature, whom the housekeeper conjectured to be Mrs. Bygrave. The servant came next, and stood waiting on the path. The last person to appear was Mr. Bygrave. He locked the house door, and took the key away with him to a cottage near at hand, which was the residence of the landlord of North Shingles. On his return he nodded to the servant—who walked away by herself toward the humbler quarter of the little town—and joined the ladies in the carriage. The coachman mounted the box, and the vehicle disappeared.

Mrs. Lecount laid down the opera-glass, through which she had been closely investigating these proceedings, with a feeling of helpless perplexity which she was almost ashamed to acknowledge to herself. The secret of Mr. Bygrave's object in suddenly emptying his house at Aldborough of every living creature in it was an impenetrable mystery to her.

Submitting herself to circumstances with a ready resignation which Captain Wragge had not shown, on his side, in a similar situation, Mrs. Lecount wasted neither time nor temper in unprofitable guess-work. She left the mystery to thicken or to clear as the future might decide, and looked exclusively at the uses to which she might put the morning's event in her own interests. Whatever might have become of the family at North Shingles, the servant was left behind, and the servant was exactly the person whose assistance might now be of vital importance to the housekeeper's projects. Mrs. Lecount put on her bonnet, inspected the collection of loose silver in her purse, and set forth on the spot to make the servant's acquaintance.

She went first to the cottage, at which Mr. Bygrave had left the key of North Shingles, to discover the servant's present address from the landlord. So far as this object was concerned her errand proved successful. The landlord knew that the girl had been allowed to go home for a few days to her friends, and knew in what part of Aldborough her friends lived. But here his sources of information suddenly dried up. He knew nothing of the destination to which Mr. Bygrave and his family had betaken themselves, and he was perfectly ignorant of the number of days over which their absence might be expected to extend. All he could say was that he had not received a notice to quit from his tenant, and that he had been requested to keep the key of the house in his possession until Mr. Bygrave returned to claim it in his own person.

Baffled, but not discouraged, Mrs. Lecount turned her steps next toward the back street of Aldborough, and astonished the servant's relatives by conferring on them the honor of a morning call.

Easily imposed on at starting by Mrs. Lecount's pretense of calling to engage her under the impression that she had left Mr. Bygrave's service, the servant did her best to answer the questions put to her. But she knew as little as the landlord of her master's plans. All she could say about them was that she had not been dismissed, and that she was to await the receipt of a note recalling her when necessary to her situation at North Shingles. Not having expected to find her better informed on this part of the subject, Mrs. Lecount smoothly shifted her ground, and led the woman into talking generally of the advantages and defects of her situation in Mr. Bygrave's family.

Profiting by the knowledge gained in this indirect manner of the little secrets of the household, Mrs. Lecount made two discoveries. She found out, in the first place, that the servant (having enough to do in attending to the coarser part of the domestic work) was in no position to disclose the secrets of Miss Bygrave's wardrobe, which were known only to the young lady herself and to her aunt. In the second place, the housekeeper ascertained that the true reason of Mrs. Bygrave's rigid seclusion was to be found in the simple fact that she was little better than an idiot, and that her husband was probably ashamed of allowing her to be seen in public. These apparently trivial discoveries enlightened Mrs. Lecount on a very important point which had been previously involved in doubt. She was now satisfied that the likeliest way to obtaining a private investigation of Magdalen's wardrobe lay through deluding the imbecile lady, and not through bribing the ignorant servant.

Having reached that conclusion, pregnant with coming assaults on the weakly-fortified discretion of poor Mrs. Wragge, the housekeeper cautiously abstained from exhibiting herself any longer under an inquisitive aspect. She changed the conversation to local topics, waited until she was sure of leaving an excellent impression behind her, and then took her leave.

Three days passed, and Mrs. Lecount and her master—each with their widely-different ends in view—watched with equal anxiety for the first signs of returning life in the direction of North Shingles. In that interval no letter either from the uncle or the niece arrived for Mr. Noel Vanstone. His sincere feeling of irritation under this neglectful treatment greatly assisted the effect of those feigned doubts on the subject of his absent friends which the captain had recommended him to express in the housekeeper's presence. He confessed his apprehensions of having been mistaken, not in Mr. Bygrave only, but even in his niece as well, with such a genuine air of annoyance that he actually contributed a new element of confusion to the existing perplexities of Mrs. Lecount.

On the morning of the fourth day Mr. Noel Vanstone met the postman in the garden, and, to his great relief, discovered among the letters delivered to him a note from Mr. Bygrave.

The date of the note was "Woodbridge," and it contained a few lines only. Mr. Bygrave mentioned that his niece was better, and that she sent her love as before. He proposed returning to Aldborough on the next day, when he would have some new considerations of a strictly private nature to present to Mr. Noel Vanstone's mind. In the mean time he would beg Mr. Vanstone not to call at North Shingles until he received a special invitation to do so, which invitation should certainly be given on the day when the family returned. The motive of this apparently strange request should be explained to Mr. Vanstone's perfect satisfaction when he was once more united to his friends. Until that period arrived the strictest caution was enjoined on him in all his communications with Mrs. Lecount; and the instant destruction of Mr. Bygrave's letter, after due perusal of it, was (if the classical phrase might be pardoned) a *sine quâ non*.

The fifth day came. Mr. Noel Vanstone (after submitting himself to the *sine quâ non*, and destroying the letter) waited anxiously for results; while Mrs. Lecount, on her side, watched patiently for events. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon the carriage appeared again at the gate of North Shingles. Mr. Bygrave got out, and tripped away briskly to the landlord's cottage for the key. He returned with the servant at his heels. Miss Bygrave left the carriage; her giant relative followed her example; the house-door was opened; the trunks were taken off; the carriage disappeared; and the Bygraves were at home again!

Four o'clock struck, five o'clock, six o'clock, and nothing happened. In half an hour more Mr. Bygrave—spruce, speckless, and respectable as ever—appeared on the parade, sauntering composedly in the direction of Sea View.

Instead of at once entering the house, he passed it, stopped, as if struck by a sudden recollection, and, retracing his steps, asked for Mr. Vanstone at the door. Mr. Vanstone came out hospitably into the passage. Pitching his voice to a tone which could be easily heard by any listening individual through any open door in the bedroom regions, Mr. Bygrave announced the object of his visit, on the door-mat, in the fewest possible words. He had been staying with a distant relative. The distant relative possessed two pictures—Gems by the Old Masters—which he was willing to dispose of, and which he had intrusted for that purpose to Mr. Bygrave's care. If Mr. Noel Vanstone, as an amateur in such matters, wished to see the Gems, they would be visible in half an hour's time, when Mr. Bygrave would have returned to North Shingles.

Having delivered himself of this incomprehensible announcement, the arch-conspirator laid his significant forefinger along the side of his short Roman nose—said, "Fine weather, isn't it? Good afternoon!"—and sauntered out inscrutably to continue his walk on the parade.

On the expiration of the half hour Mr. Noel Vanstone presented himself at North Shingles, with the ardor of a lover burning inextinguishably in his bosom through the superincumbent mental fog of a thoroughly bewildered man. To his inexpressible happiness he found Magdalen alone in the parlor. Never yet had she looked so beautiful in his eyes. The rest and relief of her four days' absence from Aldborough had not failed to produce their results: she had more than recovered her composure. Vibrating perpetually from one violent extreme to another, she had now passed from the passionate despair of five days since to a feverish exaltation of spirits which defied all remorse and confronted all consequences. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks were bright with color; she talked incessantly, with a forlorn mockery of the girlish gayety of past days—she laughed with a deplorable persistency in laughing—she imitated Mrs. Lecount's smooth voice and Mrs. Lecount's insinuating graces of manner, with an overcharged resemblance to the original, which was but the coarse reflection of the delicately-accurate mimicry of former times. Mr. Noel Vanstone, who had never yet seen her as he saw her now, was enchanted; his weak head whirled with an intoxication of enjoyment; his wizen cheeks flushed as if they had caught the infection from hers. The half hour during which he was alone with her passed like five minutes to him. When that time had elapsed, and when she suddenly left him—to obey a previously-arranged summons to her aunt's presence—miser as he was, he would have paid at that moment five golden sovereigns out of his pocket for five golden minutes more passed in her society.

The door had hardly closed on Magdalen before it opened again and the captain walked in. He entered on the explanations which his visitor naturally expected from him, with the unceremonious abruptness of a man hard pressed for time, and determined to make the most of every moment at his disposal.

"Since we last saw each other," he began, "I have been reckoning up the chances for and against us as we stand at present. The result on my own mind is this: If you are still at Aldborough when that letter from Zurich reaches Mrs. Lecount, all the pains we have taken will have been pains thrown away. If your housekeeper had fifty brothers all dying together, she would throw the whole fifty over sooner than leave you alone at Sea View while we are your neighbors at North Shingles."

Mr. Noel Vanstone's flushed cheeks turned pale with dismay. His own knowledge of Mrs. Lecount told him that this view of the case was the right one.

"If *we* go away again," proceeded the captain, "nothing will be gained; for nothing would persuade your housekeeper, in that case, that we have not left you the means of following us. *You* must leave Aldborough this time; and, what is more, you must go without leaving a single visible trace behind you for us to follow. If we accomplish this object in the course of the next five days, Mrs. Lecount will take the journey to Zurich. If we fail, she will be a fixture at Sea View to a dead certainty. Don't ask questions! I have got your instructions ready for you, and I want your closest attention to them. Your marriage with my niece depends on your not forgetting a word of what I am now going to tell you.—One question first. Have you followed my advice? Have you told Mrs. Lecount you are beginning to think yourself mistaken in me?"

"I did worse than that," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, penitently. "I committed an outrage on my own feelings. I disgraced myself by saying that I doubted Miss Bygrave!"

"Go on disgracing yourself, my dear Sir! Doubt us both with all your might—and I'll help you. One question more. Did I speak loud enough this afternoon? Did Mrs. Lecount hear me?"

"Yes. Lecount opened her door; Lecount heard you. What made you give me that message? I see no pictures here. Is this another pious fraud, Mr. Bygrave?"

"Admirably guessed, Mr. Vanstone! You will see the object of my imaginary picture-dealing in the very next words which I am now about to address to you. When you get back to Sea View this is what you are to say to Mrs. Lecount. Tell her that my relative's works of Art are two worthless pictures—copies from the Old Masters, which I have tried to sell you, as originals, at an exorbitant price. Say you suspect me of being little better than a plausible impostor, and pity my unfortunate niece for being associated with such a rascal as I am. There is your text to speak from. Say in many words what I have just said in few. You can do that, can't you?"

"Of course I can do it," said Mr. Noel Vanstone. "But I can tell you one thing—Lecount won't believe me."

"Wait a little, Mr. Vanstone; I have not done with my instructions yet. You understand what I have just told you? Very good. We may get on from to-day to to-morrow. Go out to-morrow with Mrs. Lecount at your usual time. I will meet you on the parade and bow to you. Instead of returning my bow, look the other way—in plain English, cut me! That is easy enough to do, isn't it?"

"She won't believe me, Mr. Bygrave—she won't believe me!"

"Wait a little again, Mr. Vanstone. There are more instructions to come. You have got your directions for to-day, and you have got your directions for to-morrow. Now for the day after. The day after is the seventh day since we sent the letter to Zurich. On the seventh day decline to go out walking as before, from dread of the annoyance of meeting me again. Grumble about the smallness of the place; complain of your health; wish you had never come to Aldborough, and never made acquaintance with the Bygraves; and when you have well worried Mrs. Lecount with your discontent, ask her on a sudden if she can't suggest a change for the better. If you put that question to her naturally, do you think she can be depended on to answer it?"

"She won't want to be questioned at all," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, irritably. "I have only got to say I am tired of Aldborough, and if she believes me—which she won't; I'm quite positive, Mr. Bygrave, she won't!—she will have her suggestion ready before I can ask for it."

"Ay, ay!" said the captain, eagerly. "There is some place, then, that Mrs. Lecount wants to go to this autumn?"

"She wants to go there (hang her!) every autumn."

"To go where?"

"To Admiral Bartram's—you don't know him, do you?—at St. Crux-in-the-Marsh."

"Don't lose your patience, Mr. Vanstone! What you are now telling me is of the most vital importance to the object we have in view. Who is Admiral Bartram?"

"An old friend of my father's. My father laid him under obligations—my father lent him money when they were both young men. I am like one of the family at St. Crux; my room is always kept ready for me. Not that there's any family at the admiral's except his nephew, George Bartram. George is my cousin. I'm as intimate with George as my father was with the admiral; and I've been sharper than my father, for I haven't lent my friend any money. Lecount always makes a show of liking George—I believe to annoy me. She likes the admiral too: he flatters her vanity. He always invites her to come with me to St. Crux. He lets her have one of the best bedrooms, and treats her as if she was a lady. She's as proud as Lucifer—she likes being treated like a lady—and she pesters me every autumn to go to St. Crux. What's the matter? What are you taking out your pocket-book for?"

"I want the admiral's address, Mr. Vanstone—for a purpose which I will explain immediately."

With those words Captain Wragge opened his pocket-book and wrote down the address from Mr. Noel Vanstone's dictation, as follows: "Admiral Bartram, St. Crux-in-the-Marsh, near Ossory, Essex."

"Good!" cried the captain, closing his pocket-book again. "The only difficulty that stood in our way is now cleared out of it. Patience, Mr. Vanstone—patience! Let us take up my instructions again at the point where we dropped them. Give me five minutes more attention, and you will see your way to your marriage as plainly as I see it. On the day after to-morrow you declare you are tired of Aldborough, and Mrs. Lecount suggests St. Crux. You don't say yes or no on the spot; you take the next day to consider it, and you make up your mind the last thing at night to go to St. Crux the first thing in the morning. Are you in the habit of superintending your own packing up? or do you usually shift all the trouble of it on Mrs. Lecount's shoulders?"

"Lecount has all the trouble, of course; Lecount is paid for it! But I don't really go, do I?"

"You go as fast as horses can take you to the railway, without having held any previous communication with this house either personally or by letter. You leave Mrs. Lecount behind to pack up your curiosities, to settle with the tradespeople, and to follow you to St. Crux the next morning. The next morning is the tenth morning. On the tenth morning she receives the letter from Zurich; and if you only carry out my instructions, Mr. Vanstone, as sure as you sit there to Zurich she goes!"

Mr. Noel Vanstone's color began to rise again as the captain's stratagem dawned on him at last in its true light.

"And what am I to do at St. Crux?" he inquired.

"Wait there till I call for you," replied the captain. "As soon as Mrs. Lecount's back is turned I will go to the church here and give the necessary notice of the marriage. The same day or the next I will travel to the address written down in my pocket-book, pick you up at the admiral's, and take you on to London with me to get the license. With that document in our possession we shall be on our way back to Aldborough while Mrs. Lecount is on her way out to Zurich, and before she starts on her return journey you and my niece will be man and wife! There are your future prospects for you. What do you think of them?"

"What a head you have got!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, in a sudden outburst of enthusiasm. "You're the most extraordinary man I ever met with. One would think you had done nothing all your life but take people in."

Captain Wragge received that unconscious tribute to his native genius with the complacency of a man who felt that he thoroughly deserved it.

"I have told you already, my dear Sir," he said, modestly, "that I never do things by halves. Pardon me for reminding you that we have no time for exchanging mutual civilities. Are you quite sure about your instructions? I dare not write them down for fear of accidents. Try the system of artificial memory—count your instructions off, after me, on your thumb and your four fingers. To-day you tell Mrs. Lecount I have tried to take you in with my relative's works of Art. To-morrow you cut me on the parade. The day after you refuse to go out, you get tired of Aldborough, and you allow Mrs. Lecount to make her suggestion. The next day you accept the suggestion. And the next day to that you go to St. Crux. Once more, my dear Sir! Thumb—works of Art. Forefinger—cut me on the parade. Middle finger—tired of Aldborough. Third finger—take Lecount's advice. Little finger—off to St. Crux. Nothing can be clearer—nothing can be easier to do. Is there any thing you don't understand? Any thing that I can explain over again before you go?"

"Only one thing," said Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Is it settled that I am not to come here again before I go to St. Crux?"

"Most decidedly!" answered the captain. "The whole success of the enterprise depends on your keeping away. Mrs. Lecount will try the credibility of every thing you say to her by one test—the test of your communicating, or not, with this house. She will watch you night and day! Don't call here, don't send messages, don't write letters—don't even go out by yourself. Let her see you start for St. Crux on her suggestion, with the absolute certainty in her own mind that you have followed her advice, without communicating it in any form whatever to me or to my niece. Do that, and she *must* believe you, on the best of all evidence for our interests, and the worst for hers—the evidence of her own senses."

With those last words of caution he shook Mr. Noel Vanstone warmly by the hand, and sent him home on the spot.

Captain Wragge retired to rest that night in high spirits. He jocosely apostrophized the extinguisher in his candlestick as he raised it to put the light out. "If I could only drop you on Mrs. Lecount," said the captain, "I might bid good-by to the last anxiety left on this side of the wedding-day!"

THACKERAY ON NOVELS.

NOVELS and their heroes and heroines are our present subject of discourse. Are you one of us, dear Sir, and do you love novel-reading? To be reminded of your first novel will surely be a pleasure to you. Hush! I never read quite to the end of my first, the *Scottish Chiefs*. I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. Miss Porter, like a kind dear tender-hearted creature, would not have Wallace's head chopped off at the end of Vol. V. She made him die in prison,* and if I remember right (protesting I have not read the book for forty-two or three years), Robert Bruce made a speech to his soldiers, in which he said, "And Bannockburn shall equal Cambuskenneth."† But I repeat, I could not read the end of the fifth volume of that dear delightful book for crying. Good Heavens! It was as sad, as sad as going back to school.

The glorious Scott cycle of romances came to me some four or five years afterward; and I think boys of our year were specially fortunate in coming upon those delightful books at that special time when we could best enjoy them. Oh, that sunshiny bench on half-holidays, with Claverhouse or Ivanhoe for a companion! I have remarked of very late days some little men in a great state of delectation over the romances of Captain Mayne Reid, and Gustave Aimard's Prairie and Indian Stories, and during occasional holiday visits, lurking off to bed with the volume under their arms. But are those Indians and warriors so terrible as *our* Indians and warriors were? (I say, are they? Young gentlemen, mind, I do not say they are not.) But as an oldster I can be heartily thankful for the novels of the 1–10 Geo. IV., let us say, and so downward to a period not unremote. Let us see; there is, first, our dear Scott. Whom do I love in the works of that dear old master? Amo—

The Baron of Bradwardine, and Fergus. (Captain Waverley is certainly very mild.)

Amo Ivanhoe; LOCKSLEY; the Templar.

Amo Quentin Durward, and specially Quentin's uncle, who brought the Boar to bay. I forget the gentleman's name.

I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood, or fetched his hat out of the water since he dropped it there when I last met him (circa 1825).

Amo SALADIN and the Scotch knight in the *Talisman*. The Sultan best.

Amo CLAVERHOUSE.

Amo MAJOR DALGETTY. Delightful major! To think of him is to desire to jump up, run to the book, and get the volume down from the shelf. About all those heroes of Scott what a manly bloom there is, and honorable modesty! They are not at all heroic. They seem to blush somehow in their position of hero, and as it were to say, "Since it must be done, here goes!" They are handsome, modest, upright, simple, courageous, not too clever. If I were a mother (which is absurd), I should like to be mother-in-law to several young men of the Walter-Scott-hero sort.

Much as I like those most unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz.

LEATHER-STOCKING,
UNCAS,
HARDHEART,
TOM COFFIN,

are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any one in "Scott's lot." *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures, all—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them.

At school, in my time, there was a public day, when the boys' relatives, an examining bigwig or two from the universities, old school-fellows, and so forth, came to the place. The boys were all paraded; prizes were administered; each lad being in a new suit of clothes—and magnificent dandies, I promise you, some of us were. Oh, the chubby cheeks, clean collars, glossy new raiment, beaming faces, glorious in youth—*fit tueri cœlum*—bright with truth, and mirth, and honor! To see a hundred boys marshaled in a chapel or old hall; to hear their sweet fresh voices when they chant, and look in their brave, calm faces; I say, does not the sight and sound of them smite you, somehow, with a pang of exquisite kindness?.... Well. As about boys, so about Novelists. I fancy the boys of Parnassus School all paraded. I am a lower boy myself in that academy. I like our fellows to look well, upright, gentlemanlike. There is Master Fielding—he with the black eye. What a magnificent build of a boy! There is Master Scott, one of the heads of the school. Did you ever see the fellow more hearty and manly? Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering after the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne—a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church; for shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! Let him have a sound flogging, and as soon as the young scamp is out of the whipping-room give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice if I were Doctor Birch, and master of the school.

Let us drop this school metaphor, this birch and all pertaining thereto. Our subject, I beg leave to remind the reader's humble servant, is novel heroes and heroines. How do you like your heroes, ladies? Gentlemen, what novel heroines do you prefer? When I set this essay going, I sent the above question to two of the most inveterate novel-readers of my acquaintance. The gentleman refers me to Miss Austin; the lady says Athos, Guy Livingston, and (pardon my rosy blushes) Colonel Esmond, and owns that in youth she was very much in love with Valancourt.

Valancourt, and who was he? cry the young people. Valancourt, my dears, was the hero of one of the most famous romances which ever was published in this country. The beauty and elegance of Valancourt made your young grandmammas' gentle hearts to beat with respectful sympathy. He and his glory have passed away. Ah, woe is me that the glory of novels should ever decay; that dust should gather round them on the shelves; that the annual checks from Messieurs the publishers should dwindle, dwindle! Inquire at Mudie's, or the London Library, who asks for the *Mysteries of Udolpho* now? Have not even the *Mysteries of Paris* ceased to frighten? Alas, our novels are but for a season; and I know characters whom a painful modesty forbids me to mention, who shall go to limbo along with *Valancourt* and *Doricourt*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

A dear old sentimental friend, with whom I discoursed on the subject of novels yesterday, said that her favorite hero was Lord Orville, in *Evelina*, that novel which Doctor Johnson loved so. I took down the book from a dusty old crypt at a club, where Mrs. Barbauld's novelists repose: and this is the kind of thing, ladies and gentlemen, in which your ancestors found pleasure:

> "And here, while I was looking for the books, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and, approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, 'Is this true, Miss Anville—are you going?'
>
> "'I believe so, my lord,' said I, still looking for the books.
>
> "'So suddenly, so unexpectedly: must I lose you?'
>
> "'No great loss, my lord,' said I, endeavoring to speak cheerfully.
>
> "'Is it possible,' said he, gravely, 'Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?'
>
> "'I can't imagine,' cried I, 'what Mrs. Selwyn has done with those books.'
>
> "'Would to Heaven,' continued he, 'I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!'
>
> "'I must run up stairs,' cried I, greatly confused, 'and ask what she has done with them.'
>
> "'You are going then,' cried he, taking my hand, 'and you give me not the smallest hope of any return! Will you not, my too lovely friend, will you not teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?'
>
> "'My lord,' cried I, endeavoring to disengage my hand, 'pray let me go!'
>
> "'I will,' cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, 'if you wish me to leave you.'
>
> "'Oh, my lord,' exclaimed I, 'rise, I beseech you; rise. Surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me.'
>
> "'Mock you!' repeated he, earnestly; 'no, I revere you. I esteem and admire you above all human beings! You are the friend to whom my soul is attached, as to its better half. You are the most amiable, the most perfect of women; and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.'
>
> "I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed; the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me. Lord Orville hastily rising supported me to a chair upon which I sank almost lifeless.
>
> "I can not write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape; in short, my dear Sir, I was not proof against his solicitations, and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart!"

Contrast this old perfumed, powdered D'Arblay conversation with the present modern talk. If the two young people wished to hide their emotions nowadays, and express themselves in modest language, the story would run:

> "While I was looking for the books, Lord Orville came in. He looked uncommonly down in the mouth, as he said: 'Is this true, Miss Anville; are you going to cut?'
>
> "'To absquatulate, Lord Orville,' said I, still pretending that I was looking for the books.
>
> "'You're very quick about it,' said he.
>
> "'Guess it's no great loss,' I remarked, as cheerfully as I could.
>
> "'You don't think I'm chaffin?' said Orville, with much emotion.
>
> "'What has Mrs. Selwyn done with the books?' I went on.
>
> "'What, going?' said he, 'and going for good? I wish I was such a good-plucked one as you, Miss Anville.'" etc.

The conversation, you perceive, might be easily written down to this key; and if the hero and heroine were modern, they would not be suffered to go through their dialogue on stilts, but would converse in the natural graceful way at present customary. By-the-way, what a strange custom that is in modern lady novelists to make the men bully the women! In the time of Miss Porter and Madame D'Arblay we have respect, profound bows and courtesies, graceful courtesy from men to women. In the time of Miss Brontë, absolute rudeness. Is it true, Mesdames, that you like rudeness, and are pleased at being ill-used by men? I could point to more than one lady novelist who so represents you.

Other people may not much like this extract, Madam, from your favorite novel, but when you come to read it *you* will like it. I suspect that when you read that book which you so love, you read it *à deux*. Did you not yourself pass a winter at Bath, when you were the belle of the assembly? Was there not a Lord Orville in your case too? As you think of him eleven lustres pass away. You look at him with the bright eyes of those days, and your hero stands before you, the brave, the accomplished, the simple, the true gentleman; and he makes the most elegant of bows to one of the most beautiful young women the world ever saw; and he leads you out to the cotillion, to the dear, unforgotten music. Hark to the horns of Elfand, blowing, blowing! *Bonne vieille*, you remember their melody, and your heart-strings thrill with it still.

---

* I find, on reference to the novel, that Sir William died on the scaffold, not in prison. His last words were, "'My prayer is heard. Life's cord is cut by Heaven. Helen! Helen! May Heaven preserve my country, and—' He stopped. He fell. And with that mighty shock the scaffold shook to its foundation."

† The remark of Bruce (which I protest I had not read for forty-two years) I find to be as follows: "When this was uttered by the English heralds, Bruce turned to Ruthven, with a heroic smile. 'Let him come, my brave barons! and he shall find that Bannockburn shall page with Cambuskenneth!'" In the same amiable author's famous novel of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* there is more crying than in any novel I ever remember to have read. See, for example, the last page...."Incapable of speaking, Thaddeus led his wife back to her carriage....His tears gushed out in spite of himself, and mingling with hers, poured those thanks, those assurances, of animated approbation through her heart, which made it even ache with excess of happiness."....And a sentence or two further, "Kosciusko did bless him, and embalmed the benediction with a shower of tears."

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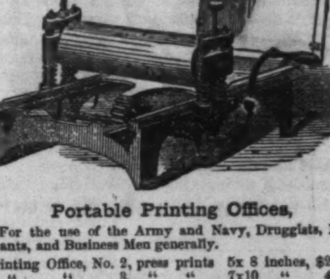

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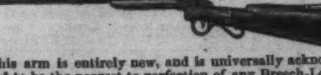

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